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FROM THE BEQUEST OF
CHARLES SUMNER
CLASS OF 1830

Senator from Massachusetts

FOR BOOKS RELATING TO
POLITICS AND FINE ARTS

1

Chas Sumner Esq
from his friend
The Author

در این کتاب

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P O E M S .

P O E M S.

BY

Wetmore
WILLIAM W. STORY.

BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

MDCCCXLVII.

1847

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1874, April 28.
73 Concord St.
Hon. E. H. L. Sumner,
of Boston.
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TO

MY FRIEND,

GEORGE S. HILLARD, ESQ.

PREFACE.

THE following Poems were written during some of those leisure hours, which fall to the lot of every man. Some few of them have been previously printed in various periodicals; but they have been mostly selected from such poems as were written, not for publication, but to gratify the imperious demand of some thought or feeling for rhythmic utterance. Many of them are historically false, — the moment's feeling having sometimes strung itself on some mere cobweb of fancy, and sometimes entirely transfigured the most common and accidental occurrence into a purely imaginative significance. But I am sure, that they are all spiritually true — true to the mood in which they were written, and to the thought which they express.

I have not been induced to publish them by the solicitations of friends, but from a desire to give and to receive sympathy, and in the hope, that what has been so pure a joy to me, may also give pleasure to others. With diffident hope I give them to the public, assured, that whatever is true in them will live, and that whatever is false in them will die, of itself.

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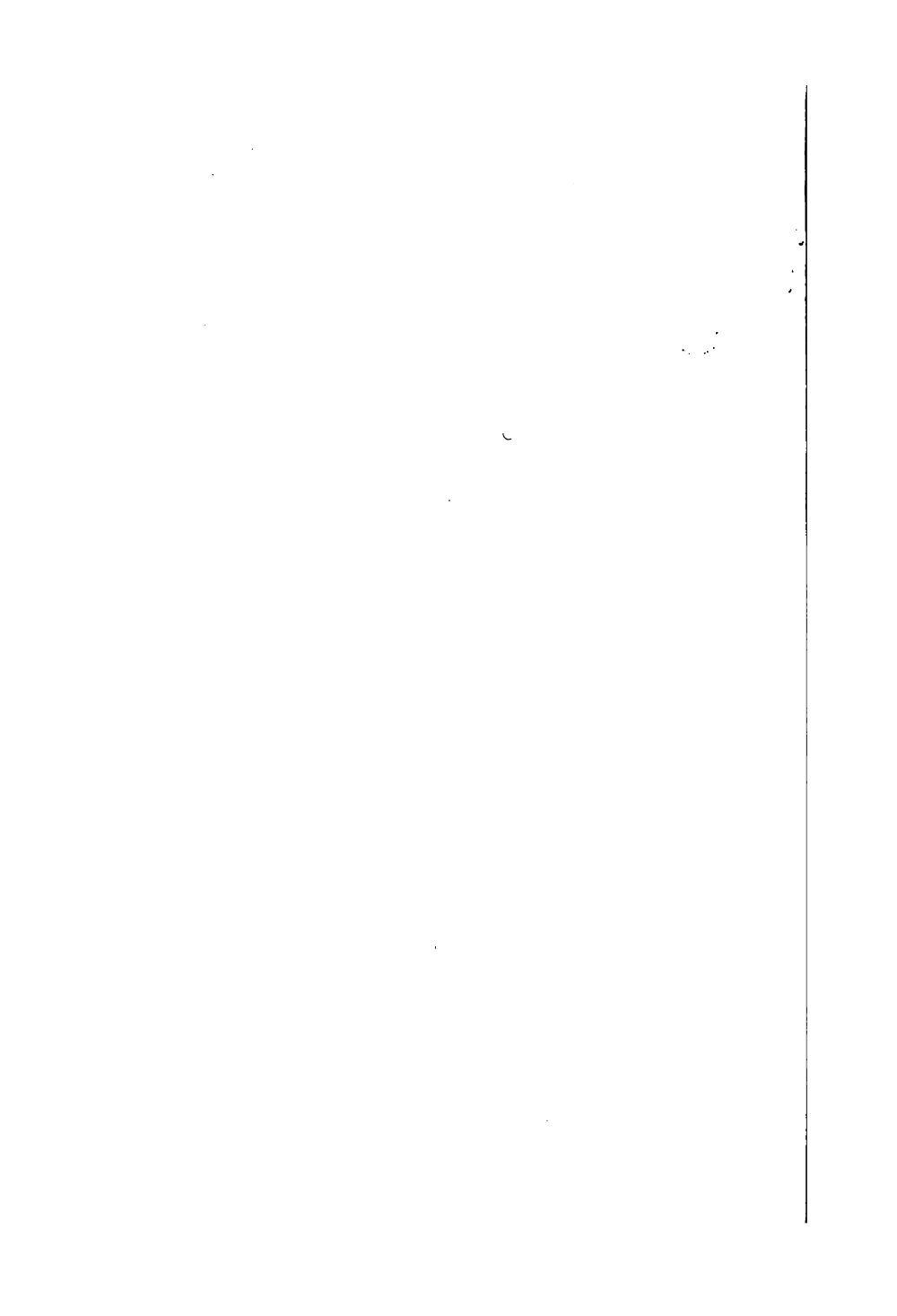
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POEMS.

THE ISLAND HOME.

OUR gallant barque was bravely trimmed,
With broad full sails and a golden beak,
And its swelling sides were daintily rimmed
With a blue and golden streak, —
Where circlets of sunny network dancing,
Flashed up from the crispèd tide below,
When the golden sparks of sunlight glancing,
Swarmed in the bay in the morning's glow.



Chas Sumner Esq
from his friend
The Author

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P O E M S .

But long we held not thus together,
Dark grew the day, frowning the weather,
The blast blew down in a sudden gust,
That swept across the shuddering tide,
And shivered the wave to a watery dust,
And bent the barque to its creamy side,
Tossing it round like a dizzy feather, —
And when the passionate squall had passed,
Against the star-ward pointing mast
The heavy, drooping sail would flap ;
And we lay dreading some typhoon,
Some waterspout, some dark mishap,
Could come again to beat us down ;
And as we looked so long and wearily,
While the voyage went sad and drearily,
We only prayed some sure monsoon
Should bear us on again right cheerily.
Long pauses there were of shapeless doubt,
Long anxious hopes once lost in trust,
And the flag of Faith we began to lower,
And listening heard the secret tap
Of Fear upon the heart's thin door ;

And from the side a gathering rust
Began around the steel to crust,
That shone in the early setting out ;
And disappointed we often thought
We might not reach the distant shore ;
The laugh, and jest, and song, and shout
Were heard less frequent than before,
And in our little happy home
Sad quarrellings began to come,
Sad jealousies among the crew,
And Love had almost said adieu.
Much doubt there was of the onward track,
Much question and half decision to tack,
And we were almost fain to take
The counsel of the weakest one,
And leave our voyage when scarce begun ;
And all our noblest plans to break,
And seek again the stagnant shore,
And idly live, and strive no more
To seek the land beyond the sun.

Now with an earnest stout resolve
We nerved our hearts 'gainst fear and doubt,
We said "while sun and moon revolve
With earnest faith we'll fight it out,"
And to that choice we did abide, —
Fearless, even when the entering tide
Poured streaming through her leaky side ;
And taking an earnest will we strove
With thoughts of a far-off sunny bay,
That we might reach some happy day,
To drive all strife and pain away ;
And though all round us looked so black,
We crushed the wish to wander back,
And the danger and toil began to love.
Then passed away all inward pain,
Then Love consented to remain ;
Then changed the sight, then spread the light,
That long had lurked like a golden thread
Around the horizon, whose cope above,
With a cap of darkest clouds was spread ;
And when we saw the clear blue sky,
We shouted out right merrily.

Happy brothers in heart and mind
What cared we for the life behind !
“ Onward, onward over the foam,
Sleeps in the distance our Island Home.”

Not many days and nights there were, —
At least they seemed but very few,
While we were sailing over the blue,
So free we were with all our care, —
Ere out of the slowly lightening air,
In the rosy mist far-off and rare,
A shadowy shore loomed into sight,
And soon a white-winged gull out-flew
Through the sky's serene and airy height,
In the early dawn of a summer day, —
And we knew at last our weary way
Had come to an end o'er the rolling blue.

Yes it came to an end — our barque lay moored —
We leaped upon a silvery sand,
We stood upon the long-wished land,

We, we the tempest-driven band,
Our haven home at last secured !

It was towards the evening's close,
We anchored on our sunset shore ;
Soon faded from the sky the rose,
And as we lying sought repose,
We felt — " what could we ask for more ? "
Lowly creeping, a feathery mist
Whitened by moonshine, the smooth swell kissed ;
And half asleep on the sloping turf,
At distant intervals we heard
Mid the bursting swell of the foaming surf,
The long sad wail of some wandering bird, —
And there we heard the nightingale
Telling its sweet and plaintive tale,
And for joy we could not speak a word.

But stout and strong, with the coming day,
We dragged our barque up the sandy beach,
We fixed her beyond the billow's reach,
And ruggedly there we worked away ;

We calked her seams, we plugged each leak,
We gilded again her faded streak,
We fitted her sails, we braced her ropes,
And moored her up on the wave anew,
And tossing she lay as fair to view
As when in her swelling canvass blew
The gale that fanned our earliest hopes,
In the struggling days gone by ;
Dearer she was, but still the same,
Saving that we had changed her name
From Hope to Memory.
And the struggles and trials that now were o'er,
Deepened to love what was pride before.

Now we were happy, now we were full
Of a gentle joy most beautiful,
And all that we for years had borne,
When we were doubting and half forlorn,
Now was as it had never been,
In the light of a perfect peace serene, —
Or like a light and distant cloud,
Which serves but as the rainbow's shroud.

Happy we were, and without a care,
Who had made our home forever there,
Happy we were, and calm, and free,
Living upon our Island Home,
Whose beach was girt with a silvery sea,
That lulled it with music as it slept,
Which swelling most gently and drowsily,
Plunged and replunged incessantly,
Drew down the sand and upward crept ;
Our life was a moving melody,
Our season a long serenity ;
No storms were there, but a sifting rain,
That gemmed the plants where it softly fell,
And sprinkled with dew the grassy plain, —
As it stretched away in a curving swell, —
And the voices of birds were audible
Under the shadowy depths of green,
Where the burnished leaves of the aspen shook, —
And struggling gleams of light were seen
Falling like sparks on the singing brook, —
And deep in the heart of the shadowy dell
Long shafts of sunshine mistily fell ; —

Ever the distant mountain lifted
Its towering peak in the silent sky,
Softly the cloud shades over it drifted,
And its changing hues with the daylight shifted.
As the swift hours hurried by, —
Wearing a silvery shroud of gray
Under the starlight's solemn gloom,
And veiling itself at the close of the day
In dove-like tints and a purplish bloom, —
While the fountain lifted its sparkling column,
And shivering in moonshine drooped again,
When the night wind creeping alone and solemn
Drew from the pines their whispering strain ; —
Delicate breezes came and went
Shrouding in softness the faint-blue ocean ;
Happily musing our life was spent,
Peaceful and all unturbulent,
Swayed by an inward and musical motion ;
Moved by an inward sense of grace
The steps of all were free,
And an under smile in every face
Lay sleeping placidly.

Yet there were earnest tasks to do
Which made this life yet fairer seem,
Duties which made us strong and true,
And offices to which we grew,
Which would not let life be a dream ;
But leaning each upon the other,
Together twined yet separate,
Each, lord within his thought's estate,
And each to every one a brother, —
We borrowed strength from earnest thought,
We learned to lead a noble life,
All undisturbed by idle strife,
And to a solid clearness wrought ;
Upward and upward still we went,
While the tissue of our life we wove,
And daring always to be true,
More closely to each other grew,
More certainly our duties knew,
And scourged our vices with our love.

There Art unto its flower was grown,
And over all it shed its charm

To elevate, refine, and warm ;
There poverty was all unknown,
And vice departed full of shame,
And virtue was not all a name
Embodied in a sect or creed, —
But every duty was a deed ; —
There joy inhabited each breast,
And Love was there a constant guest ;
And thus without the vexing strife,
Where each is in the other's way,
We lived along from day to day,
And built the temple of our life.

Was it not well, O brother, to roam ?
Was it not well to endure the pain ?
Was it not well to struggle and strain,
For the certain bliss of our Island Home ?

NATURE.

CALM Nature ! sweet and gentle friend !

Thy face again with joy I see !

Again I feel thy presence lend

A rare and sweet felicity !

While thus I see the open sky,

And hear the bob'link melt the air

With streams of liquid melody,

I throw aside all earthly care.

Necessity's dark ring grows bright,

Where'er the rays of Beauty shine,

And like to Saturn's belt of light,

Clips all things with a light divine.

For Happiness within us breeds
Creative longings, golden dreams,
And from the depths of feeling leads
A winding course of silver streams.

No cares obtrude, that wreck my hopes,
No secret grief corrupts my thought,
But smoothly down the ideal slopes,
My soul glides on and feareth nought.

Calm as the steadfast trees, that stand
And feed upon the sunny air,
I live, and feel my heart expand
With longings and emotions rare.

And as the trembling leaves that move
With the fine motions of the wind,
I feel my sympathies of love
Stirred by the universal mind.

For nature and the soul are one,
In life forever forced apart,
That chime in perfect unison,
When Beauty marries them in Art.

And powers within the soul concealed
As secretly as tones that lie
Within the silent strings, will yield
To Beauty's touch their melody.

And often thus a moment's glance
Into a happier life is thrown,
And we behold, as in a trance,
Glimpses of life we once have known.

For in the calm of tranquil hours,
That law of inward life we know,
That happiness develops powers
Which cannot without sunshine grow.

June 1st, 1845.

TO THE OCEAN.



HAIL to thee, mighty Ocean !

Hail everlasting Ocean !

That dashest round this bleak and craggy coast ; —

Hail to thy heaving billows,

That swell in wild emotion,

As from thy panting bosom they are tost !

But yesterday so scornful,

So wild in fierce defiance,

I saw thee shake thy mane of crested spray ;

Thy jaws were white with fury,

And thy roar was as a lion's,

As thou leaped'st on the rocks as on thy prey.

Then the impulse of destruction,
Like a wild beast in me rousing,
Made my hot blood hurry to and fro,
And the fierce and savage passions
Came forth in mad carousing,
To leap like thee in fury on their foe.

But now all bright and glorious,
On the frowning cliffs that threaten,
In sheets of foam thy ponderous surges beat,
Their rugged barriers scorning,
Though baffled still, and beaten,
Till victory seemeth mean to such defeat.

And thus as I behold thee,
The enthusiast all undaunted,
A higher, holier impulse in me stirs,
While struggling in the limits,
Necessity hath planted,
With hopeful heart to glorify reverse.

Content in nature's limit,
Must abide Imagination, —
The Ideal to the Real give its heart ;
The highest artist owneth
Her actual limitation,
And in them builds the triumph of his art.

How tireless and heroic,
With thy destiny thou strivest,
While the tide like some great motive bears thee on !
No obstacle thou heedest,
But to thy goal thou drivest,
All glittering and laughing in the sun !

Despair hath never reached thee,
No weariness thou knowest ;
Thy shattered forces gathering up alway,
At the cliff's firm base thou stormest,
And thy white arms upward throwest,
And shoutest like a giant in thy play !

The wild wind is thy playmate,
It curls thy swelling billows,
And into spray their bursting fringes sweeps, —
Their smooth green chasm yawneth,
And the tall masts bend like willows,
As the swooping ships slide plunging down their steeps.

The Christian Faith is thine,
That never yields to Evil !
Thy Will and Hope the Present can defy !
A mighty impulse moves thee,
And rising from thy level,
Onward, onward, is thy great heroic cry.

Not so thy mighty brother,
Whose fierce and boiling river
Was nurtured in the far-off Erie's sleep,
Who shouteth to the forests,
That o'er his rapids shiver,
As whirling down their shelving bed they sweep.

His Faith is of the Past,

A life where Passion sleepeth,

Which Fate at last unto its gulf must bear —

From his Epicurean dreaming,

To his fearful fall he sweepeth,

And shrieketh from the deep abyss — Despair !

Yet like a true old Roman,

Majestic and heroic,

He moveth on at last in silent state ;

On the dizzy verge he pauses,

Then yielding like a stoic,

Submits unto the stern decree of Fate.

A thousand thoughts come o'er me,

For utterance appealing,

Yet a weight I cannot lift from off my breast

Crushes down the weak expression,

And I stand absorbed in feeling,

While the centre of thought's whirlpool seems to rest.

I fain would leap into thee,
And to my bosom clasp thee,
And join with thee in thy rejoicing roar, —
And on thy mad surge riding,
By thy white mane would I grasp thee,
And storm these sullen ledges evermore.

Through all thy various changes,
In storm or calm, the voices
Of thy great waves speak like a friend to me,
Never false to him who loves thee,
When he sorrows or rejoices,
His heart will hear an echoing tone from thee.

When with a heart surrendered
To Love's serene persuasion,
At sunset by thy rocky marge I stroll,
With one dear form beside me,
In tranquil contemplation,
Thou mayst be calm and gentle as her soul.

Then while the hues of twilight
Are in thy bosom shifting,
And rosy clouds like thoughts of love, are there,
Thy smooth broad swelling billows
May languidly be lifting
And balancing the seaweed's greenish hair.

And as the noble spirit
In Love's or Thought's abstraction,
Is great as when with Passion throbs its breast,—
So thou, almighty Ocean,
Though sleeping in inaction,
Hast power and purpose hidden in thy heart !

September, 1846.

THE PAINTER'S DREAM.



THE twilight fades, the night shuts down,
And I can paint no more, —
Come, Alice, let us sit and talk
Old days and fancies o'er —
'Tis pleasanter without the lamp
To dream in this half gloom,
While crazy shadows from the fire
Dance up and down the room.

How swiftly fly the passing days !
How smoothly flows our life !
We shall be old before we think,
Dear Alice, dearest wife !

Yes ! Love is now our constant guest,
And there is nothing wrong,
Such joy, at times, I almost fear
Can never linger long.

Yet let us not with fear of change
O'ercloud the passing hour,
So long as we are both alive,
We need not dread its power ;
But ere my soul was one with thine,
The struggle and the strife
Of doubts, that wrestled with my hopes,
Were all I knew of life.

All souls must taste of grief, and he
Who plays life's gayest part,
Must often feel its bitterness
Press down his aching heart ;
When through the darkness of despair
Desire cries fierce and loud,
And hope is but the golden edge
Of Passion's thunder-cloud.

O holy hope, O lovely dream,
That like a morning star
Throbb'd in the purple sky of Youth,
So fair, but O, so far:
Nightly this wild heart longed for thee,
Then wept itself to sleep,
Through the vast chambers of its dreams,
To see thy glory sweep.

Thou seest the accomplished powers,
The will strong and serene,
Their passionate and fiery growth
Thine eye hath never seen.
Thy loving smile would seem to say,
"O this can never be!"
Genius is in thy hand, and Art
Is nature unto thee.

Yes! there were flowers as well as weeds,
But sometimes all seemed lost,
When, like a tempest-driven ship
This heart in passion tost;

There have been bright and joyous hours,
 Buoyed up by hope and trust,
And others when this solid world
 Seemed crumbling into dust.

'T was on an autumn night like this,
 Thank heaven, in years now gone,
I sat within my painting room,
 Despairing and alone ;
The canvass on the easel stood, —
 It stood as now it stands, —
But I could only weep, and clasp
 My face within my hands.

There were a thousand shapeless thoughts
 That whirled along my brain,
And over all the aching sense
 Of an unspoken pain, —
A sense that would not be renounced,
 Whose cause I cannot tell ;
That made me rave and pray by turns
 Beneath its fearful spell.

Ah happy sleep ! Ah blissful sleep !

That blest me while I prayed ;

Ah lovely dream, that lifted me

Above this earthly shade ! -

Then in a soft and luminous mist

Enwrapped, as in a shroud,

Came figures gently gliding in,

Like stars within a cloud.

First of the group, in monkish cowl,

Came fiery Cimabue,

And close behind Giotto's form,

The shepherd-boy I knew.

Then came Ghiberti, who the gates

Of San Giovanni cast,

And Young Massaccio, hand in hand

With Old Verroccio, passed.

There Perugino went, and there,

With sweet and reverend grace,

Smiled through his flowing beard and hair

Da Vinci's thoughtful face ;

And after him with lofty port,
 I saw before me go
The stern uncompromising head
 Of Michel Angelo.

Still nearer, while his clustering hair
 Adown his shoulders fell,
Of stature tall and graceful air,
 Came mild-eyed Raffaele ;
And there Giorgoni's noble form
 I saw in light subdued,
And near him glanced two searching eyes,
 Where Titian leaning stood.

Beside Salvator, in the gloom,
 Dark Caravaggio strode ;
And golden light round Veronese
 And Tintoretto glowed ;
There, peering from the darkest shade,
 The face of Rembrandt gleamed,
And near, in sad and pensive mood,
 The rapt Correggio dreamed.

Parmigiano's handsome face,
And Guido's forehead bare,
And mild Domenichino's smile,
And Claude's brown face were there ;
And there Murillo's Spanish eyes
Looked through the moving crowd,
And by the three Carraccis, stood
Romano calm and proud.

Now moved away with looped-up hat,
And careless lordly mien,
The form of Rubens, and half-turned,
Close at his side was seen,
Athwart his shoulder bending back
To cast a glance oblique,
The sharp-set eyes, the pointed beard
Of Anthony Vandyck.

Still further shrouded in the mist
In dim confused throng,
Old forms and faces grew to life
And slowly moved along ;

And like a trail of evening clouds
Above the sunken sun,
These living clouds of dreamy forms
Swept luminously on.

They passed before my sleeping eyes,
As once they moved in life,
Yet with a calm and tranquil air,
Removed from earthly strife ;
And each one, as he passed me, smiled,
While floating far away,
Then voices seemed in chanting strain
Such words as these to say :

“ Through strong desire and earnest faith
The soul's best powers expand,
Art never drops its ripened fruit
Into the toilless hand.
A thousand times at some dim dream
Thy eager hand shall grasp,
A thousand times the dream shall slip
Like water from thy clasp.

“ All great desires, that God hath given,
Are prophecies of powers,
But Genius, though the gift of heaven,
Demands laborious hours ;
And he who would command success,
Must pay it certain price,
For Nature is no fool of chance,
She plays with loaded dice.

“ The hand may never body forth
The consecrating gleam,
That in the silent air of thought
Invests the ideal dream ;
Yet in the actual toil of art
Serenest joys abide,
And Nature were a scentless flower,
If Art should be denied.

“ That life which breeds within the heart,
Is hidden from the sight,
And thoughts whose roots are bitterness,
Have blossoms of delight ;

In every human spirit yawns
The chasm of despair,
And doubt and fear, our subtlest foes,
Are ever lurking there.

“ Yes, thou shalt fail, but do not faint, —
Grapple again with fate,
Dashed down to earth, rise up again
Undaunted and elate !
On him whom failure cannot daunt,
Success at last shall dawn,
For by the hand of Will and Faith
Our destinies are drawn.

“ When unto nature's simple truth
Thou shalt have trained thy heart,
Grace shall upon thy pencil sit,
And Beauty crown thine Art ;
The hand but moveth to the soul,
Nor canst thou be unsound,
But that the blemish in thy life
Shall in thy work be found.”

Struggling I lifted up my eyes
And found myself alone,
The lamp burned dim, and all those souls
That counselled me had flown.
God gives us dreams, the ghosts of hope,
And this he gave to me,
Else I, perchance, had never dared
To shape my destiny.

A REVERIE.



I LIE in an idle reverie,
Which shapeth not itself to speech ;
I ponder things which cannot be,
Which spoken words can never reach.

My thought to a musical motion goes,
Led by the phantom of a song,
That comes and goes, and dimly flows
With a secret sense of rhythm along.

Sometimes as in a sleeping sea
Thy form is imaged in my dream ;
Then comes a wandering melody,
And yet no change to me doth seem.

The fountain's glistening pillar leaps
O'ertripping in a silvery rain,
The distant hill in the morning sleeps,
The low mists creep on the level plain, —

The wild bird thrills on high his note,
In the grasses lisp the bubbling brook,
The wandering clouds, like white dreams float,
And the sky in the lake's calm face doth look.

My thought seeks on and will not stay,
It flutters, but it is not free,
For something that we cannot say
Is growing in us constantly.

There is a strange, incessant drift
That bears the silent spirit on,
Beneath all sounds that change and shift
One steady and unchanging tone.

July 10, 1842.

A GLIMPSE.



In her lone chamber beams a light,
 Across the shutter's chink it gleams,
It steeps the white and silent walls,
And ne'er a moving shadow falls
Across the window in the night ;—
 She sleeps ! heaven send sweet dreams !

Within the limetree's shade I stand,
 My heart in love's sweet sadness dreaming ;
A shadow flits across the light,
She gazes forth into the night, —
Her forehead shaded by her hand,
 And the moonlight o'er her streaming.

She's passed away, and saw me not, —

She's closed the darkening shutters tight, —

How cold, how chilly cold it grows !

O ! wouldst thou thus thy spirit close,

And shut me from thy loving thought,

And leave me in the lonely night ?

1839.

THE EXHUMATION OF NAPOLEON.

FIT tomb was St. Helena, O Napoleon for thee !
A barren rock, that far and lone, was planted in the sea !
The wild untainted sea-gales there could sigh above
thy turf,
And thy requiem was the moaning of the ever-plunging
surf ;
No busy jar of restless life, no hurrying feet were near,
There came the watchful stars alone, and the revolving
year ; —
The scourge and dread of Europe, whose cannons'
conquering roar,
Pealed down the towering Pyrenees and rang from
shore to shore,
Whose restless and impatient heart in life could find no
room,
Had the ocean for a mourner, and an island for a tomb.

Thy lifeless body they exhumed, when thou wast but
a name,
When thy tongue was still as silence, and thy ear was
deaf to fame ;
The exiled corpse, that could not harm, they lifted from
the grave,
And in solemn triumph bore it to its home across the
wave ;
Mid the shriek and wail of trumpets, in long and solemn
train,
In thy funeral car they bore thee to thy grave beside
the Seine.
And thou whose first return had been in triumph and
in pride,
When the glad acclaim of thousands was pealing far
and wide,
When the warrior crowned with laurels came a throne
to reassume,
Came back at last, a silent corpse, to crumble in a
tomb.

They laid thee, while the trifling world forgot the
song and dance,
In a splendid mausoleum in the populous heart of
France ;
The costly mockery of woe with the pageant passed
away,
And thou, dead conqueror, couldst win from pleasure
but a day ;
Through all the city's arteries again in toil and strife,
Whirled on with eddyng current the hurrying tide of
life ;
The busy hum of Paris was dinning o'er thy head,
And the reckless passer hurried by and thought not of
the dead, —
The pomp and pageantry was past, the burial was o'er,
And Napoleon slept as lonely there as on Helena's
shore.

1843.

TO —, WITH A SKETCH.



As one who puts a faded flower
 Into a book, in memory
Of some serene and happy hour,
 I send this careless sketch to thee.

I feel that it is weak to tell
 The meaning that is in my heart,
Yet from the gift I know full well,
 The giver's love thou wilt not part.

By thousand grains, each trivial,
 The sand-chain of our love is spun,
Trifles, which yet are all in all,
 And grieve the heart when left undone.

Love is not proud, — although divine,
It habiteth a homely dress,
And oftentimes the outward sign
The inward sense will not express.

The cloud which is but cold damp mist,
The sun with warmest radiance stains,
The pebble by the surf-wave kist,
Grows gleamy with transparent veins.

And thus thy heart — love's perfect charm
Unto this simple gift must lend,
The wave to tint, the light to warm,
I only may the pebble send.

July 15th, 1842.

MUSIC.

"Let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heaven before my eyes."

Il Penseroso.

MUSIC! Thou thy subtle web entwinnest
Round the inmost feelings of the heart,
Thou, of all we know on earth, divinest, —
Nature's spirit-voice, and Soul of Art!

Wings thou art, by which the soul hath soarings
Out of sense into a finer air; —
Breeze thou art, that drifts us from earth's moorings
Into deeps serener and more fair.

Thou art centre of all life and being ;
Without thee the universe must cease,
With its deep, harmonious agreeing,
With the balance of its sleepless peace.

Thou wast born. The void and vague creation
Floating loose, in harmony was bound, —
Dark and bright in rapid alternation
Whirled the balanced spheres in music round.

Not a movement of this wondrous planet,
Spinning in its tremulous bed of air,
Which with undulating breezes fan it,
That thy spirit is not moving there.

In the storm-heaved ocean's foamy seething,
When the dark-green waves yawn in the sea,
And the angry blast in gusts is breathing,
And the hurrying gulls before it flee.

In the forest's melancholy roaring,
When the wind from forth the pines doth tease
Sighings like the distant, dim imploring
Of imprisoned souls of harmonies ; —

In the hum of noon, when on the meadows
Basks the golden sunshine, amply bright,
And the drifting clouds trail down their shadows,
Piled like Alpine peaks in heaven's blue height ;

In the peaceful night so calm and solemn,
When the foam-rimmed waves crisp up the beach,
And the moonlight's broken, quivering column
Lies upon the wide sea's heaving reach ;

In the golden, misty breath of morning,
In all color, spreading far and bright,
Like a festal robe the earth adorning,
At the marriage of mute form with light ;

In all forms of grace I feel thy presence, —
In all motion, in all earnest thought, —
Through the web of Nature thy clear essence
Woof to beauty's warp is still inwrought.

Through all time hath strayed thy perfect spirit,
Casting grace o'er all things here below,
Crime and blood have passed full often near it,
Yet no stain nor sullyng doth it know.

Thou didst speak, — insatiate Cerberus slowly
Drooped his charmed head beneath thy spell,
And before thy tones so sweet and holy,
Open swung the ponderous gates of hell.

Thou didst whisper to the lonely shepherd
While upon the sloping greensward lain,
Thou didst fire the eye-balls of the leopard
In the vine-crowned Bacchus's festive train.

Thou didst smile on sunny-haired Apollo,
When the gathering music's silver swell
Beckoned him with voice of dreams to follow
Where the chords soared up from Hermes' shell.

Thou wert near the prophet high and holy,
When his soul with mighty thought was stirred,
And the eternal whispers solemn, lowly,
In the deep abyss of thought he heard.

When the strings of David's harp were ringing,
And the bearded Psalmist, with closed eyes,
Those divine and holy hymns was singing
Which majestic on his soul did rise ; —

When the cymbals in the sun were glancing,
And the jubilant song of Freedom sprang
From the beating heart of Miriam dancing
O'er the flashing sands with silver clang ; —

Often when stern warriors round did gather
 Grouped in silence, in attentive throng,
Thou wert standing near the blind old father,
 Who hath sung that noble Grecian song.

Forward sweepeth thought, — I see thee mingling
 With the Troubadours of sunny France,
While the light guitar-strings idly jingling
 Company some love song or romance.

Now the solemn priests are treading slowly
 Up the dim cathedral's sombre aisle ;
Hark ! the requiem soundeth sad and lowly,
 And the torches gleam along the files.

Farther on in time, before me sweepeth
 Still a loftier, more majestic train,—
Souls in whom I feel thy spirit leapeth
 Like an inward fire through every vein ;—

Souls to whom the curtain was uplifted,
Called by heavy-lidded mortals Time,
Which, like wind-borne clouds, were far out-drifted
To a life more inward and sublime.

Thou didst fan them with celestial breezes, —
Oped those regions with thy golden key,
Where the spirit wandereth as it pleases
Through the mystic gates of harmony ;

Where majestic thought and love-eyed wonder
Bore them upward, with a tireless flight ; —
Where deep harmonies keep circling under
Melodies which float away in light ;

Where lies Truth, the simple, pure foundation,
Tone and base of every noble thing,
Whence the triple chord of God's creation
— Love, and Faith, and Hope, — forever spring.

Not the sensuous out-gates of the spirit,
Which to younger ages thou didst ope ;
But the immortal life that we inherit,
Spreading wide and with an infinite scope,

Like a guided child thou art no longer,
Holding close on Poesy's soft hand ;
But alone with steadier steps and stronger
Striding onward to a loftier land.

Feet thou hast, which need no more its leading,
Walking free beyond the verge of speech,—
Out of spoken thought—through mysteries treading,
Where its groping powers can never reach.

Wings as soft as love, as strong as reason,
Which uplift thee far above all time,
Where no change can come, no blighting season,
Where the fear of death did never climb.

Great Sebastian Bach the rain is leaping,
— Over that earliest shone in German skies,—
With a simple thought forever threading
Mazy labyrinths of harmonies.

Interangling figures wind up advancing,
Then receding in harmonic tread.
Rearing a cathedral high and glancing,
Spired, and pinnacled, and turreted.

Grand, colossal, like a stately column,
Handel's music towereth from the earth,
With majestic organ-tones and solemn,
That from perfect trusting have their birth.

Calm it seemeth like a land enchanted,
'Neath a moon-illuminated atmosphere ;
By no gloomy shades of sorrow haunted,
But as perfect as a crystal sphere.

Full of life and passionate modulation
Breathes the natural music of Mozart, —
His naïve and fanciful creation,
Beating with the pulse of his own heart.

Delicate and airy spirits wander
Through his realms of finest Fantasy ;
Streams of tender love and joy meander
Through serenest plains of harmony.

Next I feel the childlike soul of Haydn,
Full of joy, and hope, and simple love,
With no heavy grief or pain o'erladen,
In green fields and sunshine smiling move.

Through wild labyrinths and sunlit mazes,
Where the bubbling brooks gush swift and clear,
Full of singing birds and endless graces
And a tender, rosy atmosphere.

Now the mighty spirit of Beethoven
Overwhelms me like a rushing sea,
Who that troublous, yearning deep hath cloven,
Heaved with under-tides of harmony ;

Mighty chords, that keep a wild imploring,
Like the surging ocean, change and heave,
Whence with dripping wings of light up-soaring
Melodies through heaven's blue distance cleave.

Great, prophetic One, — thy music telleth
Of that perfect beauty of the soul,
When this strong unrest that in us swelleth
Bears the One unto the perfect Whole.

That deep central base of every spirit,
Whence like fiery tones Hopes, Longings, rise,
Spining after that it shall inherit,
Like a pulse within thy music lies.

Like a wave of joy it o'er me rushes,
Bathes me with a mild and subtle air,
Till my eyes o'erflow, and warm cheek flushes
With the yearning of unspoken prayer.

Not alone in Nature's limitations,
Not alone within the bounds of Art,
But in all the simplest intonations
Breathed from the empassioned human heart.

When above the gathering army flying
Flaps the bloody flag, and dark on high
Smoke-clouds hover o'er the dead and dying,
Through the tumult peals thy battle-cry.

Mid the countless footsteps of the city,
'Neath the humblest roof, where hearts agree,
Where is heard the voice of Love and Pity,
Where the child sits on its mother's knee.

When from thousand voices upwards soaring,
Shouts of triumph beat the sky o'erhead, —
When a famished nation's wild imploring
Shook the air of France with cries of " Bread ! "

O'er the human heart thy fingers sweeping,
As across a harp, its passions move, —
From the fiercest rage within us leaping
To the tenderest blossom of our love.

None so desolate but thou canst near them
On the hearth-stone of their misery stay, —
None so joyous but that thou canst bear them
To a happier clime and clearer day.

Hark ! the whole orchèstra is in motion,
And before its tongue the once blank air
Trembleth like a moving, musical ocean,
All alive with longing and with prayer.

Now the mass of music is advancing

Like a huge white cloud across the blue, —
With its domes and spires in sunlight glancing,
Shifting as the swift winds hurry through.

Now it surgeth onward like the ocean,

Bursting in wild foam along the shore,
Hurrying on in vehement, restless motion,
Crowding back in spray and wild uproar.

Now ascending, higher still it ranges,

And the far-off music of the spheres
With angelic tones and interchanges
Pierce the labyrinths of these human ears.

From the soul swarm forth its fair creations,

Infinite seekings, vague and undefined,
Thousand outward-stretching aspirations,
Woody like blossoms by the soft spring wind.

In a twilight mist the Past is glowing, —
As a wind that fans the living coal,
Hope's fresh breath from out the Future blowing
Sweeps Time's ashes from the burning soul.

In my heart great springs of Hope are gushing,
Impulses which sway me to and fro,
Like tide-currents in the ocean rushing,
In my restless bosom ebb and flow.

All the fret of life I cast behind me,
Thou hast purged to clearer sight mine eyes ;
From the bonds of earth thou dost unbind me,
Till a perfect faith within me lies.

Now thy voice is awful, like the thunder,
Swelling like an ebbless surge of air, —
With thy shattering tones thou crack'st asunder
All the world-built dome of our despair.

In thy longing for a full agreeing,
In thy hate of Discord incomplete,
Thou dost prophesy that future being
When all souls in harmony shall meet.

March 1, 1842.

THE FUTURE.



THE air is harsh, the sky is gray and dreary,
There is no color in the outward world,
And I am sick at heart, and sad and weary,
And all my golden wings of hope are furled ;
A thick numb pain upon my brain is weighing,
Daily I see the crowds before me stream,
And smiling at the false part men are playing,
I turn to bathe in Youth's auroral dream.

Then throbbed the brave light heart, that like a lover,
Embraced the Future in its burning youth ;
That longed its life's great race-course to run over,
And win in rapturous heat the goal of Truth ;

Then fancies, like the blooming clouds of morning,
In hues aerial dipped, around me hung,
And answering to the passion in me burning,
The bells of hope throughout all nature rung.

Then though a thousand cares and pains were near me,
And I was struggling in their dizzy maze,
There were the beckoning years that seemed to cheer me,
And the fair Future swarmed with golden days ;
Sceptres of air my longing hands were grasping,
And Faith commanded me and kept me strong ;
The hands of mighty dreams my own were clasping,
And I was pledged to do away the wrong.

Yes ! from my heart shot forth Hope's tender scion,
That waxed until it overspread the earth ;
And Truth, arousing like a hungry lion,
Shook its full mane, in a new era's birth ;
Falsehood shrunk back before its path majestic,
And crime and sin, and all that keeps men low, —
And all the world became to beauty plastic,
And Love in life's full sails was felt to blow.

Thus, by the dreams that Hope was ever weaving,

My soul was nourished, till I seemed to see
Society from off its bosom heaving

Its load of ignorance and poverty.

Then did I swear, in full and sweet affiance,

To wed the Beautiful and be its priest,
And strengthened by heroic self-reliance,
To struggle on till Art should be released.

O boundless hope, thou hast not wholly faded,

But thy young glory does not cheer me now ;

This toiling soul, by cares oppressed and jaded,

Hath no fair aureole glowing round its brow ;

It occupies the Future, whose fair story

It once rehearsed in many a dreaming hour,

But round it hangs no bright ideal glory,

No sweet enchantment, no resplendent power.

Yes, vanished are those hues whose light Elysian

Lured me along with fair deceitful ray ;

But in their stead remains a calmer vision,

That haunts the common life of every day.

Yes ! here in common life, so we but woo it
With brave true heart, there is a task divine
Which gives the wand of power to those who do it,
And opes the entrance into Beauty's shrine.

Not in the Distant is our greatness planted,
But in the Present, all around us spread ;
The Actual by the Ideal is enchanted
When the soul dares the simple truth to wed.
God greets the loving soul in common Nature, —
The inward life the outward world transmutes, —
The fact and thought are of an equal stature,
And all our actions are but being's fruits.

When man's whole nature is to love subjected,
All passions shall unite to do its will ;
One law through all its forms shall be reflected,
One harmony its myriad notes distil.
Tuned as our souls are unto false relations,
To Fear, and Hate, and Jealousy and Strife,
How may we hope harmonious vibrations
From the discordant, broken strings of life.

The dim and distant Future haunts my being
With a rich music, swelling like a sea
From myriad voices all in love agreeing, —
The holy anthem of humanity.
Through all of life there is no ugly duty,
Each act in Love's transfiguration stands,
And Order reigns, and never-fading Beauty,
With smile ethereal, evermore commands.

Dec. 13, 1845.

TWILIGHT.



THE peaceful closing in of night,
The lulling of the summer sea,
Yon purple clouds replete with light,
Are full of sweet tranquillity.

Unto the wearied mind they bring
The blessing of their own repose,
And under twilight's rosy wing,
The heart with mild emotion glows.

The daylight's golden fire hath wrought
Its joy and passion in our breast,—
But thine, O twilight ! is the thought
Of Peace, and thine the hour of rest.

Thine is the gentlest of the gifts,
That nature to the heart can bring, —
Thy hand the heavy burden lifts,
And bringeth rest to every thing.

Thou comfortest the absent heart,
That broods upon its secret love,
And they whom time and space dispart,
Meet, when thy young moon gleams above.

'Twixt pallid night and rosy day,
A gentle spirit seems to move,
Their clouds in light dissolve away,
Thine hour is their embrace of love.

And through that gentle bridal hour
The sad earth, full of quiet, dreams,
She yields to that mysterious power,
That from the heart of nature streams.

And we, who gaze upon yon sky,
Do not our souls that power confess,
That changeth all through sympathy,
And feel how deeply love can bless ?

August 14, 1846.

• NIGHT-WATCH.



ON the wall the shadow sleepeth,
And the dreary wind is sighing,
Whispering restlessly it creepeth,
Now uprising, and now dying,
Through the leaves, and through the vine
That around the window twine,
While my silent watch I keep —
Sleep, beloved ! sleep !

Crickets chirp within the grasses,
In the moonlight on the meadow,
And the silent midnight passes
With no cloud to cast a shadow, —

Driven by my restless heart,
'Neath the chamber where thou art,
Here my lonely watch I keep, —
Sleep, beloved ! sleep !

Into boundless regions roving,
Far away from me thou flittest,
While this heart, so fondly loving,
In thy dreaming thou forgettest.
And the shadow of a fear
Chills my lonely watches here,
Lest this dream should never break, —
Wake, beloved ! wake !

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.



FROM the private gateway stealing,
Timidly, with cautious care,
In her hood her face concealing,
Glancing round her everywhere,
Where the narrow pathway leadeth
To the wood beyond the heath,
On her pious errand speedeth
Hungary's Elizabeth.

In her mantle she hath hidden
Bread to carry to the poor ;
Yet her mission is forbidden,
And she cannot feel secure, —

Trembling lest the hunt be over,
And returning with his band,
Full of wrath, her lord discover
She hath broken his command.

Only yesterday he swore it, —
Should she dare to disobey,
She should bitterly deplore it,
Ere the closing of the day.
Yet one thought her bosom saddens,
Till it make her heart to bleed, —
And the flower, that sunshine gladdens,
Pities the neglected weed.

Pity for the starving pleadeth
Ever in her gentle heart, —
From the table luxury spreadeth
She would give to them a part, —
Vain and wicked seems the splendor
That she daily round her sees,
If to them she may not tender
Even Life's necessities.

Not a single eye hath seen her,
Since she left the postern gate,
None but his — whose hand can screen her
From the barbèd shaft of fate.
On she goes — a thoughtful beauty
Sleeps within her serious face,
And the inward sense of duty
Lends her an angelic grace.

Suddenly she stops and listens, —
For a rustling step is near,
And the glancing sunlight glistens
On a hunter's brandished spear.
As in trembling fear she pauses,
Like a ship before it strands,
Suddenly her path he crosses,
And her lord before her stands.

Fiercely then his dark eyes lowered,
And her very heart grew weak,
As before his glance she cowered,
Daring not a word to speak, —

As the hawk upon the heron,
Ere he stoopeth down the air, —
On the Lady gazed the Baron, —
And he said, "What have you there?"

Then she stood all unresistant,
Knowing Hope from Earth was vain,
And the heavens to her seemed distant,
In that hour of bitter pain.
For a moment, bowed with sadness,
Prayed she to herself alone,
Then a smile of holy gladness
Over all her features shone.

Passed the pain of her endurance,
But it left a pensive grace, —
And a look of sweet assurance
Through it gleamed upon her face, —
As the twilight's serious splendor
Looks through fading summer showers, —
And she said, in accents tender,
"Pardon — they are only flowers."

“Silly lie ! ” he muttered, sneering,
As with sudden grasp he tore
From her hands the mantle, bearing
All its charitable store, —
When in fragrant showers escaping,
Roses strewed the greensward there,
And the curse his lip was shaping
Changed into a silent prayer.

Down before her then he bended,
And the miracle confessed,
And the hand that she extended,
Humbly to his lips he pressed, —
Saying, “ ’Tis the will of heaven,
And I can oppose no more, —
Half my wealth henceforth be given
To relieve the sick and poor.”

TO E. S.

HOURS long have I sat silently,
And watched the twilight fade, —
While one by one the clouds grew grey,
In slowly deepening shade.

Until the moon uprisen high,
Falls over earth and sea, —
And still I dream, as I have dreamed,
Of thee, and only thee.

Thy childhood — like the rosy cloud
That floated sweet afar ;
Thy maidenhood — the silver pride
Of the clear evening star.

Thy womanhood — whose perfect love
Shines gladly o'er my life,
And, like the moon, makes beautiful
Earth's harshness and earth's strife.

August, 1843.

NO MORE !



Flow on, sad stream, unto the sea !

Thou flowest on as ever,

But the heart most dear no more is here,

Forever and forever.

No more ! I hear it in the pines,

Through which the night-winds roar,

Those stars shall shine in eyes of thine

No more, O, never more !

Sigh on ! sad autumn wind, sigh on !

She lies in the grass beneath, —

I make my moan by her grave alone,

For the violets have her breath.

O, lonely night ! O, wandering moon !

Hast thou no word for me ?

O, love and sorrow ! O, day and morrow !

Must ye forever be ?

-

MIDNIGHT.

—●—

MIDNIGHT in the sleeping city ! Clanking hammers
beat no more ;
For a space the hum and tumult of the busy day are o'er.

Streets are lonely and deserted, where the sickly lamp-
lights glare, —
And the steps of some late passer only break the
silence there.

Round the grim and dusky houses, gloomy shadows
nestling cower,
Night hath stifled life's deep humming into slumber for
an hour.

.

Sullen furnace fires are glowing over in the suburbs far,
And the lamp in many a homestead shineth like an
earthly star.

O'er the hushed and sleeping city, in the cloudless sky
above,
Never-fading stars hang watching in eternal peace and
love.

Years and centuries have vanished, change hath come
to bury change,
But the starry constellations on their silent pathway
range.

Great Orion's starry girdle — Berenice's golden hair —
Ariadne's crown of splendor — Cassiopeia's shining
chair;

Sagittarius and Delphinus, and the clustering Pleiad
train,
Aquila and Ophiucus, Pegasus and Charles's Wain;

Red Antares and Capella, Aldebaran's mystic light,
Alruccabah and Arcturus, Sirius and Vega white ;

They are circling calm as ever on their sure but hidden
path,
As when mystic watchers saw them with the reverent
eye of Faith.

So unto the soul benighted, lofty stars there are, that
shine
Far above the mists of error, with a changeless light
divine.

Lofty souls of old beheld them, burning in life's
shadowy night,
And they still are undecaying 'mid a thousand centuries'
flight.

Love and Truth, whose light and blessing, every
reverent heart may know,
Mercy, Justice, which are pillars that support this life
below ;

These in sorrow and in darkness, in the inmost soul
we feel,

As the sure, undying impress of the Almighty's
burning seal.

Though unsolved the mighty secret, which shall thread
the perfect whole,

And unite the finite nature unto the eternal soul,—

We shall one day clearly see it — for the soul a time
shall come,

When enfranchised and unburdened, thought shall be
its only home ; —

And Truth's fitful intimations, glancing on our feeble
sight,

Shall be gathered to the circle of one mighty disk of
light.

SPEECH AND SILENCE.

“ Ah ! could my lips with words confess
What lies entombed within my heart ?
Could I that inner world express,
And breathe its beauty through my art ? ”
Thus evermore in thought I sighed —
Yet still the utterance was denied.

But when, in unrequiring love,
I leaned my head upon thy breast,
The feelings, that for language strove,
In silence fully were exprest, —
And then, like stones in sleeping streams,
Words broke love’s dimly imaged dreams.

THE MISTAKE.

SLOWLY drift the wavering snow flakes,
Through the hushed and breathless air, —
Paving with an even whiteness
Hill, and vale, and meadow bare.

Grayly gleams the smooth, slow river,
That around the woodland swerves, —
Far away some dingy sea gulls
Sweep along in dreamy curves.

Sadness shrouds the early morning,
And a gloom is round me spread,
Like the silent awe that hushes
Through the chamber of the dead.

Discontented, listless, weary,
All my habits burden me,
Comes a feeling sad and dreary,
Linked with fleeting thoughts of thee.

Yes ! those thoughts are far-off sea gulls,
Sweeping through the dizzy snow, —
And my life is like that river,
Rolling mournfully below.

Now I watch the perfect landscape,
And with motion sad and slow,
Silent, as a moving picture,
See the distant cattle go.

On the brown and naked branches
Powdery tufts of snow are hung,
And a drowsy muffled tinkle
From the passing bells is rung.

Now the pictured landscape passes,
And the dismal present flies,—
Happy hours, and long-lost visions,
Sweep before my dreaming eyes,

I, at least, am wholly lonely,
Let me here be friends with grief;
Vain is all our human struggle —
That can bring us no relief.

No ! I only fear this sadness,
Which is dearer than a joy,
Wider, deeper, will be broken
By an every day's annoy, —

Some one forcing in to vex me,
And to break my serious mood,
Asking questions, speaking trifles,
Worse than if the fool were rude.

Praising what I know is worthless,
Praising on while I distrust, —
When I would that I could shatter
All I ever did to dust.

Love alone could soothe this sadness,
Love — I cannot speak the word, —
But the leaves of dead emotions
In my memory are stirred.

Love, whose golden candle burning
In my being's inmost shrine,
All my life with light pervaded —
Never-more shall it be mine.

Ah ! it makes me wild to think it, —
Never-more shall come that sense
Of simple, blissful feeling
Issuing we know not whence.

Never-more shall I behold thee !
 Never-more ! that word indeed,
Makes indifference into loving,
 Makes the heart's closed wound to bleed.

Were the gift of language given,
 Many tales these walls could tell —
Tales of youth and growing manhood,
 Passion's birth and Fancy's knell, —

Hours, when in the silent midnight
 Tears have struggled in my eyes, —
Not for that which Life had given,
 But for that which Fate denies —

Stars of Hope, that down the horizon,
 Vanished slowly from my eye —
Sudden schemes that glanced like meteors,
 Over Thought's unclouded sky —

Bursts of passion — resolutions
 Shaped and shattered in an hour, —
When the strengthening soul was wrestling
 With its newly wakened power —

All those restless vague desirings
 That oppressed me — they could speak,
When the heart was fierce with longing,
 And the mind with judgment weak.

In that growth of inward nature,
 Change on every moment waits, —
Judgment is an irksome beggar,
 Spurned away from Passion's gates.

Then into the untried future
 Would my earnest spirit grope,
Lofty dreams of fame and honor
 Flowering from a silent hope.

Then I craved the world's experience,
And desire was all disease —
Every fruit that hung before me,
Sweet or bitter would I seize.

Love was then a splendid mystery,
Fain its mazes would I thread ;
Not for consequences cared I,
On I went where Fancy led.

Then thou camest like a vision —
Nurtured under southern skies,
Young in years, but ripe in passion,
With thy dark and lustrous eyes, —

Left an orphan by thy mother,
Ere thy lips could shape her name,
Full of Romance, — melancholy,
Here was fuel for love's flame.

Chances brought our hearts together, —
 Thou beside my pathway moved, —
Thou wast fair — we both were thoughtless —
 And, before we knew, we loved.

Oft my heart I then would question,
 Many an hour would sit and brood,
Heeding only present wishes,
 Careless of future good.

When I thought, "I love," my passion
 Like a dreamer's vision flew ;
When I thought, "I do not love thee,"
 Love began to grow anew.

Yonder is the bower we sat in,
 Where the clustering ivy twines,
When our tones betrayed our passion
 Through all chance-remembered lines.

Now with wintry snow 't is covered,
All its leaves and blossoms dead, —
As my heart in gloom is shrouded,
All its summer fancies shed.

Then our spirits basked and revelled,
Far away from plots and schemes,
In the Elysian thoughts of Poets,
In their land of airy dreams.

Ah ! those blest but fleeting moments !
When the mighty heart of Love,
Throbbing with its passion, colored
Earth below and heaven above.

Then my step was light and bounding,
And the earth seemed all too low,
And I heard within a music,
Charming with perpetual flow.

Then the woods and flowers had voices,
And my spirit seemed to rise,
In the Tropic airs of Passion
Like the bird of Paradise.

Then, if thou wert breathing near me,
All the atmosphere would thrill,
And a swift and subtle current
Through my inmost life distil.

Ah, those happy, happy evenings !
When the moon so dim and fair,
With its veil of light enchanted
All the misty depths of air.

When thy voice in silvery sweetness,
Ere it dared its love to own,
Breathed it through the songs of others
With a tremulous, passionate tone.

Till all sense and feeling thrilling
 To their innermost recess,
Struggled madly on to utter
 That which words cannot express.

Then the fierceness of my passion
 In a moment burst away,
All the frame-work Doubt had builded,
 Toiling slowly day by day.

In a moment all was spoken,
 Burning feelings, long repressed,
Now their furnace-vent was broken,
 Rushed all molten from my breast.

With that hour of painful rapture
 Earth has nothing to compare,
And the stamp it left upon us,
 We forevermore must wear.

I defy thee to forget it !

Thou may'st hide it from the light,
But thou never more can'st quench it, —
Never can'st compel its flight !

Better, sweeter, holier moments
To thy lot perchance may fall,
But that hour of wild emotion
Still shall keep its festival.

Yes ! the dream to thee reviving,
Many a time shall yet return ;
Thou shalt ponder o'er those ashes
Love hath buried in its urn.

Thou, like me, shalt tread in fancy,
Every step upon that road ;
Thou shalt cull the withered blossoms
On its blasted pathway strewed.

Everything on earth shall whisper
To thine ear at times the tale, —
Every summer's opening blossom,
Sky and ocean, hill and vale.

Oft that evanescent vision
We in memory shall see, —
Knowing 't was but Love's Morgana,
Not its firm reality.

Yes ! our love was but a blossom,
Coming in the opening spring,
Slowly, of itself, decaying,
After a brief blossoming.

'T was a dreamer's summer palace,
Built upon the shifting sand, —
Not a home, by Judgment raftered,
In our actual life to stand.

Is it strange that stern experience,
 Ripening with our growing years,
Bursts the flimsy web of romance,
 Which our youthful fancy rears ?

We like children, who have planted
 In their little plot a flower,
Thought its bloom would be eternal,
 And it faded in an hour.

First, the rapture of possession,
 For a moment most intense,
Like an opiate soothed and blinded,
 With a magic charm, the sense.

But as passion was exhausted,
 Love seemed less and less divine, —
And we saw a wretched fissure
 In its globe of crystalline.

Yes ! possession palled upon us,
Each one was a clog, a chain ;
Wretched 't is for one who loves not,
All the ways of love to feign !

Then it was as when the wanderer,
Forced from youth and joy to roam,
Fainter, fainter, in the distance
Hears the dying bells of home.

Then we saw the dream had vanished, —
Then in sadness we awoke, —
Then with one consent, and bravely,
Love's last irksome shackle broke.

Still, at last, to part was bitter, —
But thy words were mild and kind, —
We were friends instead of lovers —
Thus we sought our eyes to blind.

Weak mistake ! no after meeting
 Could be with the heart of friends,
For the wild, rapt sense of loving,
 Friendship makes but poor amends.

All the past was to be buried,
 Ere we thus again could meet ;
Time alone could arch Love's chasm
 With a bridge for Friendship's feet.

Where were all those longing glances,
 When we met and met alone,
And with sighs and endless kisses,
 Strove in vain to melt to one ?

Let us speak no more about it !
 Thou and I in heart were weak,
And the memory plays the traitor,
 When to justify we seek.

With a ring of smoke we wedded,
And beheld Love's vision wane,
As the splintered frostwork melteth,
When the sunbeams warm the pane.

By continuous draughts of passion
Sought we to uphold a power,
Which, unrealizing all things,
Gilded but the passing hour.

Yes ! we were deceived — it faded —
But the impulse that it lent,
Nourished life and prompted action,
Ere its force was wholly spent.

Yes ! the very deeps of being
By the touch of Love are moved,
Unto him the best experience
Never came, who never loved.

But that love, which now can move me,
Is a deeper, steadier force,
Moving from the inward outward,
In a calm and even course.

Such a love from the unreal
Not an impulse shall exact,
It can find the true ideal,
Centred in the simple fact.

This alone, is Love enduring, —
Not the idle fancy's growth,
But a feeling, born of Beauty,
Dwelling in the light of Truth.

Oft thy memory wakes within me
Feelings of a fond regret —
Olden dreams around me hover,
Olden fancies twine me yet.

In these opening days of summer,
 With the early bloom of flowers,
Rosy hues of love come gleaming,
 From those happy by-gone hours.

Songs, which thou so oft hast chanted,
 In the gloaming, while apart,
In the shade I sat, and brooded
 O'er the passion in my heart —

Voices from the dim past calling,
 Float like music on the air,
And a scented breath of blossoms,
 Stirs around me everywhere.

Happy hours revive within me,
 Blooming with unclouded joy,
Time hath smelted from their glory,
 All the dross of their alloy.

Never comes thy smile of sweetness,
But that brief and golden dream
Flushes through my sleeping memory,
Like the sunset in a stream.

Looking through the lengthening vista,
Of these dimmed and clouded years,
I behold the past all blooming,
I remember not its tears.

And that dreary mist of sorrow
Which o'erhung those early days,
Is a cloud, all sunset tinted —
When from this far hour I gaze.

THE BROOK.



THROUGH the green and grassy meadow
Still the welling brooklet bubbles, —
Once it echoed childhood's fancies,
Now it murmurs manhood's troubles.

Blue-eyed violets still are growing,
Where I walked a happy lover ;
But for thee no more I pluck them !
Youth and Love, alas ! are over !

March 13th, 1843.

PROMETHEUS.

STRIKE me with thy lightnings, Jove !
With thy thunders shake the heavens above !
From my rock I still will cry,
To thy tyrant throne on high,
“ Thee, and all thy power and might,
I, Prometheus, defy !
I have shorn thee of thy light, —
Me, the low and earthly born,
With thy lightnings thou mayst smite,
But thou canst not scorn.

Shallow is thy majesty,
All thy boasted strength is vain !
I have snapped thy strongest chain !

I have found the master key,
And the sons of earth are free !
To my suffering brothers I have given
That which shall exalt their earth to heaven, —
Knowledge, that shall cheer the humblest soul,
And destroy thy tyrannous control, —
Love, that takes away the sharpest sting,
From the wounded heart and suffering, —
I have lifted from the human will
Fear, which weighed its hopeless spirit down, —
Now his destiny shall man fulfil,
And his soul, despite thee, wear its crown.

What though the ravening vulture daily tears
This quivering liver with his bloody beak, —
What though, where rock-ribbed Caucasus uprears
Into mid-air its bleak and barren peak,
In chains, which fester in my flesh, I lie,
And helpless writhe in human agony, —
Think'st thou I entertain or doubts or fears ?

Think'st thou that I, with coward heart, shall flee,
Because, at once, I cannot shape my destiny ?

The spirit can defy thy might,
It knoweth not the tooth of pain,
On Thought's wide wings it takes its flight
Out of the Present's dark domain ;
And in the fathomless blue night,
From out its starry infinite,

Hope promises immortal gain.

The sounding ocean far beneath me roaring,

Shouts upward — Earth is free !

The unslaved winds, along the mid air soaring,

Brings up the blessings of humanity ;

And in the lulling of my agonies,

My soul with lofty visions teems —

Before my inward sight arise

The great processions of long centuries —

The spirits of majestic dreams ;

The dark and sullen gates of Time,

That round the human vision close,

Swing open in harmonious chime,

And the great morning of the Future glows ;
There Beauty flows like sunlight over all,
There Joy proclaims its endless festival,
There Virtue hath its own, and Knowledge reigns,
And all man's passions, harmonized by Love,
Lift up their anthems to the heavens above,
In one heroic swell of consentaneous strains.

O puny Jove ! what hast thou in thy power,
So wide and grand as this immortal dower,
That in the Future I behold as mine ?
How weak, and base, and tottering, thy realm,
Ruled by the dull and brutal arm of Force,
To that where love is seated at the helm,
And guides the ages in harmonious course.
Revenge, and Fear, and Hate, and Pride,
Encompass thee on every side, —
Thy subjects scorn thee ! thou hast never brightened
 Their path with gleams of Hope,
Their sorrows and their cares thou hast not lightened !
 Nor dared their prison doors to ope !

The soul thou dar'est not to save,
And let into its dungeon Truth's broad sun, —
And thou ! O king of heaven ! O mighty One !

Art yet to Fear a slave !
What care I for thy angry glance
Of weak revenge and ignorance ?

I, Prometheus, can foresee,
In the sweet distance of Futurity,
All that is hidden from thy clouded eyes —

The downfall of thy brutish state,
The end of Ignorance and Hate,
And thy most miserable Fate !

Hurl down thy lightnings from the skies !

Strike ! while thou hast the power !
Thy bolts I scorn, thy anger I despise ; —
I only wait my hour.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.



IN the lonely solemn gorge,
With the towering rock above me,
From whose rim the pine-trees waved against the
sky, —
From whose height the dizzy leaves bewildered fell, —
With the chasm far beneath me
Cloven down between the mountains,
I beheld thee, I heard thee,
Full-hearted mountain torrent,
Immortal in thy youth !
While thou thy hymn wast chanting,
Thy wild clear hymn of freedom,
To the solitude around.

Serene above the tumult
The autumn sky was smiling,
And on its peaceful bosom
It bore thy misty brothers of the air ;
The wandering wind went stealing
Their secrets from the pine-trees,
And the mountain sides were rustling as they whispered dim and low ; —
But thou didst heed them not !
Swelling with exultation,
In a wild and glorious madness,
In defiance of restraint,
With thy white locks wildly streaming,
Cam'st thou foaming, whirling, shattering,
Adown thy dizzy height, —
Thy stormy heart o'erflowing with the tumult of
desire.

Wild mountain youth !
Thou, that laughest at despair,
Thou, that scornest every danger,

Thou free impetuous heart,
That hatest dull inaction,
That fleest from the Present,
That pantest for the Future,
My spirit yearns to thine !

O happy, happy heart !
Say whither art thou speeding ?
Why seekest thou the vale ?
Why leave the noble summits,
That aspire unto the heaven,
To seek the level vale ?
Wouldst thou exchange thy birthright
And learn to be a sluggard ?
Go seek the treacherous vale !
Serene it seems and quiet,
But there are the level marshes,
Where thy strength shall all be wasted, —
There is the broad still river,
Where thy free soul shall be checked, —
There is the boundless ocean,

Where thy spirit shall be lost, —
Son of the rock and mountain,
Companion of the wild breeze,
Be happy in thy lot !

What can resist thy passion ?
What stand before thy beauty ?
Thou free impetuous youth !
Thou callest to the mountains
“ Wake from thy dream of quiet,”
And they answer with the voices of their pines ; —
Thou smilest to the morning,
And the morning stoops to kiss thee,
Painting rainbows on the incense of thy spray ; —
Within thy shaded hollow
The cold fair moon comes seeking
For thy sleepless spirit whitening in the night ; —
And at thy feet the wild flowers
Upward smile in sweet contentment,
Breaking through the sod to greet thee, though thou
regard'st them not.

For evermore thy spirit
Is wooed unto the Distant,
And the Unseen hath a charm that is sweeter than the
Seen, —
And an impulse, blind as instinct,
That will not heed experience,
Keeps thee yearning and pining for that which thou
hast not ; —
'T is the young poetic spirit,
That unknowing what it seeketh
Seeks blindly the Ideal ; —
That is haunted by the Future,
That liveth in its hope, —
That feels the bounded Present
Like a darkened cone around it,
Through which the Elysian Future looms shadowless
and fair.

Impatient hopeful youth !
That with a faith undaunted
Still struggling seekest on

For what thou never gainest !
That undesparing flingest
Thy breast against the rocks,
Though they crush thee into spray !
That makest thy misfortune
To wear the shape of Beauty,
And weave for thee thy bright prismatic veil !
With joy my heart thou stirrest,
Yet thou makest me to sigh.

Oct. 31, 1845.

A LAMENT.



CLOSE the windows — shut the door !

Let the angry tempest roar

Gustily against the pane.

Fare ye well — all joy and mirth !

Fare ye well — ye dreams of earth !

Here beside my dreary hearth

I shall see ye not again.

Gentle Memory, hither come !

Summon me the pleasant hours !

Gather up the fragrant flowers

Growing round my early home ! —

When around my life were clinging

Happy fancies, feelings gay,

And the voice of youth was singing

One eternal roundelay.

Sound again those merry chimes

From the belfry of the past ;

Chant again the pulsing rhymes

Of those old and joyous times,

That have fled away so fast.

Ah ! what rapid feet were theirs,

All unclogged by fears and cares, —

They alas ! no more are mine, —

Happy Memory, they are thine !

Cold the present is, and dreary,

And my heart is sad and weary, —

Shut it from my tearful eyes !

Let me through thy windows see

That which never more shall be,

That which Fate to me denies.

Death has come into the ring,

With misery and sorrowing,

Since Youth's happy day ;

Taking from the hearth the fairest,

Singling from the group the rarest,

In his grasp to bear away.

Flickering shadows 'gin to flit,
As the fire burns slowly down ;
Forms of friends, that used to sit
Round the hearth-stone, one by one,
To their silent graves have gone,
Leaving me at last alone ; —
Like the leaves upon the tree,
Dropping off continually,
Till the boughs are growing bare,
And the dreary autumn air,
Moaning through them, wails along —
And the morning brings no more
Golden-plumaged birds to pour,
As in summer days of yore,
The enchantment of their song.
Sadness many a brow hath shaded,
Once among the gay and bright ;
Olden hopes and joys have faded,
Tint by tint, and light by light ;
Sunny smiles of love have vanished,
Golden dreams of youth been banished,

And the blinding tear-drops blurred
 Many a laughing eye —
And the voice of wail been heard,
Where we gathered round the board,
 In mirth and revelry —
Where the merry quip went round,
 Empty is the chair,
Never hear we now a sound,
But from sorrow's sigh profound,
 Or its stifled prayer.

Then come in, sweet Memory !
 There is still a place for thee,
Left by Joy, when he departed —
 Come, and sing again to me
Every song and gladsome lay,
That beguiled our onward way,
When in joy and love light-hearted,
On the path of life we started.

Shut out Joy, for sorrow's sake !
Close the window ! shut the blind !
Listen to the dreary wind,
Moaning as its heart would break ;
For the chalice now is broken,
Filled with golden wine of yore ;
And no word of love is spoken,
And there comes again no token
Of the days gone evermore.
On the dusty wall, unstrung,
The silent broken lute is hung.

No ! thou can'st not ! even thou
Canst but counterfeit the measure
Of those days, when youth and pleasure
Were a never-ceasing flow.
In thy songs, though they be gay,
Never doth the heart rejoice :
Snatches of sweet pain are they,
In the burden bear alway
Sorrow's secret voice.

Leave me then again alone,
For thine every word and tone,
That recalls forgotten hours,

Stings my inmost heart with pain ;
Of youth's coronet of flowers,
Woven in Love's rosy bowers,

But the thorns alone remain.
All the present's pain is nought,
Though it rack the aching brain,
To this bitter, burning thought —
That my sighs are all in vain,
To recall those hours again.

Pains, that rack the frame, are less
Than the sense of loneliness,

On the spirit left, —
Than the dumb and deep distress,
Which we never can express,
When of something dear bereft ; —

Easier is the crushing blow,
When the soul is stricken low
By the sudden weight of Death,

Than the slow and gnawing grief,
Like the canker in the leaf,
Seeking vainly for relief,

That behind it lingereth —
And when all is fair and bright,
Comes the dawning joy to blight,
With its poison breath.

Leave me, then, sad memory !
Bury in your silent urn
Thoughts of all that used to be,
They are ashes now to me !
Never will their bloom return !
Here no longer idly grieving,
Unto thee the dead past leaving,
Let me to the future turn,
Leave me, Memory, for a while !
Hope ! receive me with thy smile !

Nov. 2, 1840.

SUMMER.



FAR from the city's din and care,
Amid this peaceful world of green,
Thought seems to breathe a freer air,
And life is larger, more serene.

No strife in these broad fields can dwell, —
Here, underneath this azure sky,
As in some subtle crucible,
Life rarefies to Poesy.

In the young morning's dewy breath,
When birds to sudden music start,
Joy flutters singing round my path,
Glad feelings overflow my heart.



When the ripe noon in silence steeps
The purple hills and slopes of green,
And Nature in its fulness sleeps,
Content is mine, and thought serene.

But evening over Nature throws
Its deeper charm, when, silvery pale,
While yet the flush of sunset glows,
The moon beginneth to prevail.

The woodbine lades the evening air
With fragrance, it to day denies,
And from the heart emotions rare
Exhale, and tenderest memories.

June 15th, 1844.

WHERE ?



THE sunshine floods the earth with light,
And perfume fills the air,
Yet is the world no longer bright !
For thou, who wert its best delight,
Alas ! art — where ?

How oft we passed across this green !
This path with grass o'ergrown !
A half-mile then did intervene, —
Eternity now lies between
Thy spirit and my own !

LIGHT AND SHADE.



EVER night and day are present in our planet's
whirling flight ;

Chasing still the shade of evening, steals the morning
rim of light ;

Ever chasing, never reaching, like a wild impetuous
youth,

Who pursues the dream of Beauty and the ideal form
of Truth.

Indian palms, with shady blessing, bask within the
tropic day,

While the midnight's swift auroras on the polar ice-
bergs play ;

So in changeful alternation ever more the heart doth
move,
And while half in sorrow lieth, half is sleeping sunned
by Love.

Life is never quite unclouded, nor its circle wholly
fair—
But the morn of Hope still creepeth on the shadow of
Despair.

Janus-faced, within the Present ever stands the human
mind,—
Hope's glad face still gazes forward, Memory's sadly
looks behind.

MARIAN AND GERALDINE.



WITH snowy neck, arched like a swan,
Thou standest, maiden Marian !
Full of life, and health, and cheer,
As the morning atmosphere :
On thy forehead, smooth and fair,
Parted waves thy auburn hair, —
Full, luxuriant, free from check,
Floating down thy rounded neck,
Are its sunny ringlets rolled,
Deepening in the shade to brown,
Lightening in the sun to gold.

Joyous is thy face, and bright,
 In thy features laughs delight, —
 There a constant mirth arises,
 Taking thee by swift surprises,
 As the sheeted lightning flies
 On the cloudless summer skies,
 Through the sunset's dying light —
 In thy golden atmosphere,
 Only happy fancies blossom,
 Joy, a summer visitor,
 Chanteth ever in thy bosom, —
 And thy clear-toned laughter rings
 Like a wild bird's carollings,
 Who for very gladness sings —
 And whose thrilling, joyous note,
 Gushing from his trembling throat,
 Will not, cannot, be repress'd
 In his little happy breast.

Unrestrained and unconfined
 Are thy motions, as the wind —

Buoyant health around thee glows,
Like the bloom upon the rose, —
Clear and dewy is thy skin,
And the warm blood runs therein,
With a rosy depth of wealth —
Hovering 'twixt a blush and health.

Perfume all around thee lingers,
Like the breath of early morn,
When the radiant sun, just born,
Tints the earth with dewy fingers,
And the leaves begin to fan, —
Happy maiden Marian !

In thy spirit never lies
Yearning for a high Ideal —
All thy joyous faculties
Live contented in the Real —
And the shadow of a care
Broodeth not a moment there.
Living for the joy of living,
Not to thee comes idle grieving,

Nor the voice of strife —
 But thy spirit, swift and eager,
 Like a shuttle, still is weaving
 Many a bright and sunny figure
 In the dusky web of Life.

Clear and bright thy life doth glide,
 Like a shallow stream,
 Onward, full of music, flowing,
 Heedless whither it is going,
 Not an aim or motive knowing,
 That is not by chance supplied —
 Never swayed by deep emotion,
 Though the sunny surface gleam,
 Never yielding thy devotion
 To a vision and a dream, —
 But contented to receive
 Any gift, that Time may give.

Close beside thee, bending o'er thee,
 Stands a fairy form before thee ;

'T is the dove-like Geraldine !
Underneath the sky's blue tent
Are not two more different,
Like a double star ye shine,
Each the other's complement.

Calm and pensive is thy face,
Gentle Geraldine !
And the Rose hath yielded place
To the Lily's paler grace,
In those cheeks of thine !
Pensive are those eyes of blue,
Filled with visionary gleams,
Where the shapes of gentle dreams
Evermore are smiling through, —
While thy form, with graceful ease,
Bending, and yet never stooping,
Swayeth like a lily drooping,
Brimmed with rain in the morning breeze.

In an atmosphere ideal,
Livest thou with dreams unreal,

In a world of aspiration ;
 Every simple, trivial act,
 Nature's every common fact,
 In thy spirit calm and shady.
 Seems to wear — O gentle lady !
 Magical transfiguration.

Soul and sense lie close together,
 Bound as by a natural tether,
 And thy seeing takes inflection
 From thy deep and warm affection, —
 Life to thee is never sad —
 Never is it wholly glad —
 But it takes a tender hue,
 Like the haze of purplish blue
 That on distant mountains dwells —
 Or as clouds and trees appear,
 Imaged in the bosom clear
 Of a lake in quiet dells —

Feeling ever prompting thought,
Thought subsiding into feeling, —
Both to perfect union brought,
Like to wine through water stealing —
Feeling to thy mind is proving,
Thinking to thy heart is loving.

As the calm and silent river,
Seeming motionless,
With deep current, on forever,
By its banks doth press, —
So, at peace, and free from strife,
Ever runneth on thy life,
Onward, onward, to the sea,
Of a sweet Futurity.

In thy spirit Joy and Sorrow
Weave a magic woof;
As the skies at twilight borrow

Passion from the dying day,
 While the moon, so silver pale,
 With its dream-light fills the vale
 And the blue sky's deepening roof,
 As the sunlight fades away.

Woven fire, and air, and water,
 Might have formed a soul like thine !
 Earth can claim thee not for daughter,
 Geraldine !

Marian ! thou with joy up-brimmed,
 Art a goblet, amber-rimmed,
 Open, and without a cover,
 Ever, ever, running over !

March, 1840.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.



No more thou livest on the hill,
Where once we lived and loved,
The house is desolate and still,
Where once thy footsteps moved !
Dead is the fire, whose cheerful blaze
Illumed that happy hearth, —
So is the Joy, that made those days
The happiest days on earth !

The little room, that once was thine,
Is thine, alas ! no more !
The golden sunlight there may shine,
But our readings there are o'er !

Life's filtering sands have much alloy,
That through Time's hour-glass go,
And the golden grains of Love and Joy
Passed through it long ago.

Jan. 7, 1840.

M*

A PRESENTIMENT.

THY room I sought, beloved one,
An hour ago, but thou wert gone !
Yet still thy presence lingered there,
Like fragrance hidden in the air ;
When through my heart there went a thrill,
That made me tremble, like a rill
 O'ershadowed by a passing wind, —
And tears began my eyes to fill,
 For that swift thought that crost my mind.

The feathery knot of withered grass,
The fresh flowers in their vase of glass,
Thy Rosary, in the wind that shook,
The pencil in thine open book,

The ribbon, which had bound thy hair. —
All little custom'd things were there,
 To which the thought of thee had grown. —
Almost I turned me unware,
 As if I were not quite alone.

Whence came that sudden thought, that stole
With chilling breath across my soul ?
That thought, that in a moment's space,
The touch of death might blight the place !
And thou, who wert so deeply dear,
Be heard no more among us here,
 But vanish like a passing breeze,
And leave Earth's happiest places drear,
 O'ercast by gloomy memories.

CHILDHOOD.



ALONG my wall in golden splendor stream
The morning rays,
As when they woke me from the happy dream
Of childish days:

Then every morning brought a sweet surprise, —
When I was young —
Even as a lark, that carols to the skies,
My spirit sung.

To lie with early-wakened eyes, and hear
The busy clock,
While through our laughter, sounded shrilly clear
The crowing cock —

To count the yellow bars of light, that fell
Through the closed blind,
Was joy enough — O, strange and magic spell !
A guileless mind.

The cares of day have thickened round me since —
The morning brings
Work, duties — and that wondering innocence
Hath taken wings.

Dear were those thoughtless hours, whose sunny change
Had gleams of heaven !
But dearer Duty's ever-widening range,
Which Thought hath given ! —

NIAGARA.



Like hell-hounds from their slumber waking,
And panting madly for their prey,
Their whitening manes in fury shaking,
And howling down their rocky way,
From Erie's sleep, in rushing rapids breaking,
Storms down Niagara —
Wildly towards their dread abyss
Hurrying they rage, and foam, and hiss,
Over their shelving precipice ;
Yet pausing on those awful steeps,
Firm, solid, and compact,
With heavy plunge, and solemn anthem, sweeps
All — all — together in one emerald mass,
The thundering cataract ;

And evermore its solemn roar
 Peals up the heavens, and down the shore —
 While from the unremitting storm
 Of seething foam below,
 Rises the water's ghostlike form,
 In its shroud of foamy snow.

With thee the wrestling storm hath striven !
 The wintry blast hath grasped thee by the mane !
 And from the summer's darkening heaven,
 Plunging into thy breast its forked levin,
 The thunder answered to thy call again ;
 But undecaying in thy pauseless power,
 Heedless of storm, and reckless of the hour,
 Deep, deep, with everlasting trumpet-tone,
 Thou soundest ever on !

A thousand harvests of the human race,
 Hath Death's keen sickle shorn,
 Since thou wast in convulsions born ;
 But like a passing mist across thy face,

Year follows year, and age succeeds to age,
And terrible as at thine hour of birth,
Thy hoary locks thou shakest wildly forth,
And scarless, in eternal youth, dost rage.

Falling, falling, as if in huge despair,
Thy watery weight descends ;
Rising, rising, as Hope were even there,
To heaven again it tends ; —
And Faith her rainbow-bridge uprears
Upon the shattered spray of tears,
And o'er the roaring gulf its arch extends.

Strong as thou art, there is for thee an hour !

There is for thee a law !
Its limits an almighty power
Around thy strength can draw ;
Who forged the universe unto his will,
Can chain thy fury, bid thy storm be still ;

He who hath given paths unto the stars,
 And meted to the universe its bound,
 Who clothed thy being with the voice of wars,
 Hath set thee thine appointed bound.
 Thundering thou dashest on, with awful roar,
 Yet bendest humbly to His stern decree ;
 And thou unto His eye art nothing more
 Than the frail swallows, that forever soar
 Above thy terrors, by his law made free ;
 Flames over thee, and all the fiery sword, —
 Thou servest ! Thou art bondsman to the Lord !

July 6, 1843.

THE RESTLESS HEART.



SHADOWED beneath the trees,
I gaze at the summer sky ;
Sweepeth the wandering breeze,
The leaflets I hear it tease,
Restless, and never at ease,
And thus am I !

Cloudless the open day,
Sunned in its smile I lie,
Glad feelings within me play,
That I struggle in vain to say,
For its beauty doth on me weigh
Like an unborn sigh.

Violets ! Ye breathe of spring !
I pluck ye, and then ye die !
Blossoms, the light winds wring,
Soon are ye perishing !
And feelings, I fain would sing,
When thought on, fly.

May 9th, 1843.

TO THE MOON.



GENTLE moon, my heart thou stillest,
When the dome of air thou fillest
 With thy silvery light —
Still thy patient watches keeping,
While the dreaming earth lies sleeping
 In the arms of Night.

Mistily thy light thou pourest
On the dark and shadowy forest,
 And the sloping vales ;
In thy smile the river shimmers,
And the dewy grass blade glimmers,
 And the dank mist trails.

Silence in the valley sleepeth,
Silence every hill-top steepeth,
 And the tall trees sleep —
Saving when the light winds lifting,
Through the hovering leaflets sifting,
 With a whisper, creep.

Fire-flies glance across the meadow,
Lightening through its trailing shadow,
 Living meteors —
And a ceaseless silvery ringing,
From the shrill cicadæ singing,
 Through the still air stirs.

Dark, austere, and self-denying,
In the cold earth's shadow lying,
 Half thy life thou grievest !
Half, from out that darkness turning,
With a smile of patient yearning,
 Peace to heaven thou givest !

First, in pale green twilight hiding,
One faint star beside thee gliding,
 Gleams thy cimetar ;
Then, when long the stars have waited,
Flat thou risest, and belated,
 Burning red as war.

No companion to thee given,
Friendless, through the silent heaven,
 Suffering, yet serene !
Thou into my heart art looking,
All my discontent rebuking,
 By thy placid mien.

By the roadside as I wander,
Many an idle dream I ponder,
 Many a fantasy,
While so friendly and abiding,
Through the passing tree-tops gliding,
 Thou art ever nigh.

Then I dream how wandering mortals,
Passing through night's silver portals,
Shutting day from day,
To thy spell so mild and tender,
All their inmost thoughts surrender,
All their sorrows say.

Wounded hearts, whose grief thou healest,
And from saddest memories stealest
All their inward ache —
Hearts, the bliss of love possessing,
That beneath thy gentle blessing
Love's wild thirsting slake.

Yes ! to thee each spirit turneth !
That which loveth — that which mourneth,
Find in thee repose.
To the night their leaves unsealing,
Bloom the secret flowers of feeling,
That in daylight close.

Night ! so dim and so mysterious !

Night ! so solemn and so serious !

From thy chambers swell

Wondrous tones, that haunt my spirit,

And to shadowy regions bear it

With resistless spell.

Memories of the past come o'er me,

Dreamy shadows pass before me,

Full of love and grief ;

All my soul is like the ocean,

Yearning with a deep emotion,

Tremulous as a leaf.

Yet the grief that night awaketh,

From thy peaceful presence taketh

Consolation sweet !

Thou canst take the sting from sadness,

Thou canst lend a charm to gladness,

Winging Love's swift feet.

As thy silvery light rekindles
The dark earth on which it shines,
With ethereal fire,
So around the shadowy Real
Hovers there a light Ideal,
Purer, brighter, higher.

July 17, 1846.

A PICTURE.



At her wheel the maiden sitting,
Spins along, nor heeds the thread,
Busy, restless fancies flitting
Whir along within her head.

On her window gleams the morning,
Buzzing flies boom round the pane,
Now and then, with sudden turning,
Peers she down the shady lane.

Now the rosebud from her bosom,
From some careless motion drops !
As she gazes on the blossom,
See ! the busy whirring stops.

Fondly pondering sits the mother,
While her eyes with tears are dim,
"She is dreaming of another,
She forgetteth all in him."

Now another rosebud falling,
Breaks the maiden's reverie,
And a voice beneath is calling
"Lily, do you think of me ? "

THE SERENADE.

WHAT woke me from my sleep so sweet?

What made my heart so light ?

When waking from that dream of thee,

In the first sweet sleep of night ?

From 'neath my window came thy voice —

How tender was its tone !

It made my very heart rejoice,

For I knew thou wast mine own.

The moon was shining at its full,

Into my room it streamed,

And there I listened to thy song —

Scarce knowing but I dreamed.

Sure such a happy blissfulness
To mortal ne'er was given !
For thy love uplifted me from earth
And carried me to heaven.

•

TO M. E.

—◆—

A PEACEFUL spirit of content,
Whence joy hath never taken flight,
With passion never turbulent,
But buoyant, cheerful, happy, bright —
I see thee, with a quiet grace,
“ Make sunlight in a shady place.”

A bubbling spring within a dell,
That sings in sunshine and in shade,
Betokeneth thy spirit well,
Which with this life hath only played ;
Still welling from thy generous heart,
A thousand sweet affections start.

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No thought of thee shall ever fail
 Of duty or of selfishness;
 Thy willing heart shall not disdain
 The lowliest duties that can be;
 Without a sigh elsewhere it turns
 Thy ministry is Peace, at home.

Thy heart is happiest while it gives —
 Its flowing wealth is never slack'd,
 And yet whenever it receives,
 Its gratitude o'ertops the fact,
 And many bless the gloomy hours,
 On which thy hand hath scattered flowers.

Thy Love, impassionate and mild,
 With Charity doth most abide,
 It is no torrent gushing wild,
 But peaceful and of even tide,
 Where tranquil hopes and thoughts subdued
 Lie imaged in a sunny mood.

Thus live forever, happy heart !

Live on in quiet peace to bless !

Live, flowerlike, thy contented part,

Removed from Passion's stormy stress !

Bloom here beside Time's ebbless river —

Then bloom in Paradise forever.

•

LOVE.

—●—

Love never out of Likeness springs,
Joy marries not to Joy,
The strong unto the gentle clings,
The maiden to the boy.

Around the oak the ivy twines,
The granite fronts the sea ;
Each to its opposite inclines
By strange affinity.

The star into the deep looks down,
The deep dreams of the star ;
Nor distance nor decay are known,
Where love and longing are.

Who shall the mystery unfold,
That maketh hearts agree ?
The secret never will be told,
That bindeth thee to me.

SONG.



DREAM on, in sweet forgetfulness,
That life hath any pain !
Removed from Sorrow's cruel stress,
Be happy once again !

Dream on, and cull again the flowers,
That strewed thy childhood's path !
Forget, that Love in later hours,
Sowed sorrow's after-math !

Forget all pain, forget all grief !
Forget him who forgot !
And in thy memory find relief
For love's unhappy lot.

DEDICATION OF A POEM.



WE dwelt together by the sounding sea —

 The jar of common toil afar removed ;

And nursed by Nature's sweet tranquillity,

 Happy for many a summer hour we loved ;

No wearying toil, no busy care was near,

But friendly voices sounded in our ear.

There heaved the ocean's ever-breathing breast ;

 There was the broad expanse of open sky ;

There were the free winds roaming unrepent ;

 And our own souls were stirred in sympathy ;

And petty thoughts gave way, and in their place

Were boundless dreams of freedom for our race

Not all in vain, for many a quiet hour,
 We bathed our spirits in the infinite ;
Not all in vain, we felt the soul of power
 Live there, and fill the rolling day and night ;
For none, who unto Nature's lesson gave
A humble heart, was ever Passion's slave.

And we beheld towards the close of day
 The dove-like clouds sleep on the pale green sky, —
Or heavy piles of thunderous clouds, that lay
 Fringed with the sunset, muttering inwardly,
With many a seam of living fire inwrought ;
And then Beethoven rose unto our thought.

And there with mighty spirits of the past
 We sat and communed ; and the thoughts divine
Of Plato's pictured page, the volume vast
 Of Shakspeare, and our Chaucer's dewy line,
In Thought's full sail were as a swelling breeze,
That bore us onward into deeper seas.

We pondered on the great subduing power
Of simple Truth, of Beauty, and of Love ;
We dreamed how high humanity might tower,
Would it but choose to lift itself above ;
And then we pledged ourselves, in hand and heart,
To be its servant, and to do our part.

And though the time when Freedom shall prevail,
And Truth and Love on every hearth-stone shine,
Seemed distant,— and our hope was as a sail
Far out upon the dim horizon's line,
Yet was that hope a thousand times more fair
Than the cold lessons of a dark despair.

And it were better in such Faith to dwell,
And evermore by such a star to steer,
Than to drift aimless on the world's vast swell,
Following its current with a constant fear ;
For one brave life a thousand such will win,
Since we are all to Truth and Beauty kin.

Those days are past, yet are not wholly flown !

We shall remember, many an after day,
The sweet delights, that in our path were strewn,
And unto them again in fancy stray ;
And 'mid the city's jar and voices rude,
Have memories of that blissful solitude.

Some pebbles and sea-moss we still preserve,
Which then we snatched from out the surging tide,
As records of those blissful hours they serve,
When I was sitting writing by thy side ;
And so may these poor weeds of thought renew
The silent hours of dreams in which they grew.

If any grace or truth they may possess,
From thy unstinted sympathy it grew ;
For thou wert near me with thy smile to bless,
And thy warm love was sunshine, air, and dew ;
And now I come to cast them at thy feet,
Knowing that love can make these trifles sweet.

September 9, 1844.

A SHADOW.



No hour in life is wholly bright,
Even Love must have its sorrow —
One half the earth must be in night,
To-day must dread to-morrow.

We looked into each other's eyes,
And silent tear-drops started,
Lest some dark chance might ever rise,
By which we should be parted.

June, 1843.

TO GEORGE HERBERT.

HERBERT ! how often hath thy serious verse
Brought consolation to my aching breast,
Taught me with patient heart to bear reverse,
And Passion's fretfulness, and pride repress ;
So patient, firm, and large with charity,
Thy song will evermore be dear to me.

Yet dearer still art thou, for from thy lines,
The faces of departed pleasures look ;
And memories, dim as whisperings of the pines,
Are rustling there above that singing brook —
For lips have said those lines which were to me
Dear as the morning to the sleepless sea.

SONG.



O ! heavy, heavy, day !
When wilt thou wear away,
 And bring her sweet returning ?
O ! weary, weary, night !
When wilt thou take thy flight,
 And bring another morning ?

O ! stars, that gem the skies !
Ye shine not like her eyes,
 Where love is ever beaming !
Pass on, O hateful day —
Yet gentle night, O, stay !
 For she is mine while dreaming.

In dreams, she comes to me —

In dreams, her eyes I see —

And thus she comes to me. —

Then let my spirit creep

To thy pillow, sleep !

While Love lies on before me.

THE ARTIST.



With weary heart, and dreary eye,
He gazed into the lonely night,
Hour after hour dragged slowly by,
The shadows changed from left to right.

The solemn earth, the stars' sharp gleam,
The yearning wind's low ebb and swell,
All things were but a mystic dream,
A riddle that he could not spell.

What is the worth of human art,
If the weak tongue can never speak,
What lies so heavy on the heart,
Even though the heavy heart should break ?

MOONLIGHT.



STARS above me without number !
On the roofs the still moonlight,
Blessing all that 'neath them slumber
Through the pulseless noon of night !

Silence in the thick-walled city !
Where the daily tramp of feet
Echoed loud — the moon's mild pity
Lying in the naked street.

Yes ! unto the mean and lowly,
Love its blessing ne'er denies,
Like the moonlight making holy
Everything on which it lies.

July 28, 1842.

SHADOWS.



An image and feeling lie close together
 Within my heart.
Nature hath bound them by some strange tether,
 I cannot part.

The trees and clouds in the dreaming river
 Transfigured lie ;
And the shadows of things are sweeter ever
 Than their reality.

Thus over the image of Nature passes
 A wondrous charm,
When the soul in the deeps of feeling glasses
 The outward form.

SERENADE.*

HIGH above the stars are gleaming,
 Sadly grieves the whispering tree,
While I stand alone and dreaming
 In the silent night, of thee ! —
 Dearest sleep, and dream of me !

'T is the hour when first I won thee,
 And the peaceful stars I see,
Bright as then they shone upon thee,
 When I gave my heart to thee ! —
 Dearest, sleep, and dream of me !

* These words were written for the "Ständchen an Luise," by Spohr.

He alone whom sorrow knoweth,
He whom Love hath rendered free,
Knows the bliss that to me floweth
From the simplest thought of thee !—
Dearest, sleep, and dream of me !

Yet in vain this heart is swelling,
Words may never speak to thee,
That which in my bosom dwelling,
Makes me happy, makes me free !—
Dearest, sleep, and dream of me !

Wildly now this heart is beating,
Thus alone I cannot be,
Like a thought the hours are fleeting,
Dearest wake, and smile on me !
Dearest wake, and come to me !

PLEDGE.

I sit alone, my friends have all departed ;
By our deserted board alone I sit,
The silent midnight makes me lonely-hearted,
And visions of the past around me flit.
Friends of my youth, with smiles of sweet entreating,
Gather around me as in days of yore,
With laughter, song and jest no longer meeting,
But soul to soul more closely than before.

Welcome, immortal friends ! my yearning spirit
With happy sadness gives ye welcome here ;
I knew the soul, wherever death should bear it,
Must love its brothers that on earth were dear.

Those tender smiles into my heart are looking ;
They kindle aspiration's gentle fire,
My doubting fear, my slumbering Faith rebuking,
And rousing in my breast renewed desire.

I pledge ye all — the deepest holiest feeling
Brimming my heart, as wine once brimmed our
cup —
Never to yield this heart to time's annealing ;
To bear our youthful hope forever up.
What though Truth's fair reflection seem to quiver
Upon the restless waves of whirling life ?
The image only fleets — the star forever
Lives, journeying on unharmed by mortal strife.

SONNETS.

I.

THE SONNET.

DEAR is the sonnet's prison, apt to hold
The private thought, that at a genial hour
Came whispering at the spirit's secret door,
And struggled in the heart until 't was told ;
It is a joy to think that souls of old,
Great souls and noble, of a lion's power,
Did not disdain to plant a tender flower,
Within the compass of its easy fold ; —
Its certain limit, yet its free constraint,
The flowery bondage of its frequent rhyme
Make pleasant frames, wherein the heart may paint
The passing shadows cast on it by Time ; —
For these I love the sonnet's form, and yet
More than for these — because thou lovest it.

Aug. 10, 1842.

II.

TO L. M. C.

To keep one's sympathies alive and keen,
One's tenets firm, yet evermore renewed,
To let young Hope o'er old Experience brood,
And never strike to what is false and mean —
Such gentle power in Life is seldom seen —
And few, like thee, there are, who free from strife,
Lead such a broad, sweet, undulating life,
Like a full river, generous, deep, serene ;
For them, this various world is never old,
Beauty and Grace attend their steps unsought,
The humblest facts are but the husks that hold
Some hidden truth, some sweet consoling thought —
O happy few ! Heaven smiled upon your birth,
And made you worthy guests of God's fair earth !

III.

ABSENCE.

How can I bless enough that curious art,
Which, gifted with such time-destroying power,
Can make thee present in an absent hour,
Defying Fate to keep our souls apart ?
To barren words, thy overflowing heart
Lends that rich grace, which Nature, as a dower,
To thee, the child of feeling, did impart,
Even as she gave its perfume to the flower.
O, bounteous Love ! thy golden morning prime
Hath yet a side whereon a shadow lies,
For we are subjects of relentless Time,
That from the gladdest heart the swiftest flies —
Yet do these written words destroy its might,
Illuming Absence, which is Love's dark night.

October 26th, 1842.

IV.

CHANCE.

THERE is sure consequence to all we do,
And that most intricate web of circumstance,
Whose subtle tissue we misname a chance,
From out a deeper law of nature grew,
Than our imperfect vision seeth through —
But one sure law there is of destiny,
That he alone the face of God shall see,
Whose will is fearless, and whose soul is true.
All time, all thought, the Universe doth wait
On him, who beggeth at the gate of Truth,
And Destiny is but a certain state,
Not fore-ordained, but of an inward growth —
The dauntless Will can open Fortune's gate,
And only Falsehood to ourselves is Fate.

August 10, 1842.

V.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

A GENTLE faith, which no reverse can shake,
Which shows itself in ready willingness —
An intellect, which judgment guideth less
Than instinct, yet most sleepless and awake —
A soul serene — a spirit formed to make
Life's common duties full of loveliness,
That with a hidden influence loves to bless,
And for display and praise no heed doth take —
Whose sympathies are broad, and deep, and strong,
Not apt to dazzle, but to help and cheer —
Whose innocence is test to right and wrong —
Whose love is sleepless — blessing everywhere —
Whose instincts no device can overmist —
Herein the true great woman doth consist.

Aug. 26, 1842.

Q*

VI

WITH mourning glance no longer bend your eyes
Upon the backward path — but onward press !
Measured with Truth's eternal loveliness,
So meanly shows our virtues' bravest guise,
That time is wasted when 't is spent in sighs ;—
Let not the Past your lofty hope depress,
But leave it to its mournful obsequies,
While you from out the Future pluck success.
With towering freedom grows the strengthening tree,
Spreads high its branches, deepens down its root,
Careless it sees its wind-borne blossoms flee
To strew the mouldering turf around its foot,
And sweetened with a season's luxury,
No whit less careless, drops the ripened fruit.

VII.

A BLISSFUL sense of Hope, whose light doth lie
Around a certain Faith, that cannot move,
A calm, abiding, self-sufficing love,
Which would not sun itself in every eye,
But loveth best its own sweet secrecy —
Which feels itself uplifted far above
Those earthly props, which might its ruin prove —
All favor, fortune, fancy, which may die —
Such love be mine ! not like the sun-showered spray,
Which keeps a rainbow in its silvery woof,
That when the sun o'erclouds, fades swift away —
But like the diamond, clear, and firm, and bright,
Which 'gainst the biting tooth of Time is proof,
And which imprisons every hue of light.

August 16, 1842.



VIII.

FAR out from home, upon a stormy path,
Weary and sad — I saw a distant light,
That cast its steady gleam into the night,
From some lone cottage window on the heath;
Welcome and pleasure found I there beneath
That humble roof, and while the fire shone bright,
A dark-haired girl, with eyes of wild delight,
Coined the blank air to Music's charmed breath;
Ah ! never is the path of Life so dreary,
As to be left without the lamp of Hope !
For always to the wanderer, sad and weary,
Some unseen joy its door is sure to ope ;
Adown Life's slope, as Time's swift chariot steals,
A silver spoke still glitters in his wheels.

January, 1840.

IX.

Nor to be bound by any sect or creed,
Not to be shackled by the enslaving Past,
To keep the soul's horizon whole and vast,
Quick to advance wherever Truth may lead, —
Each day to dare a new spontaneous deed,
By no consistency or custom classed,
And over which no shade of fear is cast —
This is the noble life, the life indeed !
Pause not to make the action of the hour
Rhyme with the deed, which is already done,
So each be acted with one earnest power,
Wide on their different courses though they run,
Truth to a compact sheaf shall bind them round,
And from their many tones one mighty chord shall sound.

X.

NYDIA.

THY world and ours, how different are they,
Thou poor blind girl ! the golden light that lies
Round this fair earth, and fills the rounded skies,
Into thy prison never shed a ray !
This colored veil of light, which we call day,
Is but a blank before those sightless eyes, —
Thou art where sun and moon can never rise,
A bright brook flowing in a cave alway.
Yet though no outward light of day is thine,
Nature its perfect recompense hath given ;
Within thy spirit so serene and even,
The inward light of Joy doth ever shine,
A polar day, in which a heavenly light
Lingers around the horizon all the night.

XI.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

THE human voice ! O instrument divine !
That with a subtle and mysterious art,
Rangest the diapason of the heart,
The mighty scale of passion all is thine !
Thy air-spun net around the soul doth twine,
Whether the voice of thousands lifts, as one,
The wild deep anthem of its monotone,
Or the soft voice of love its silver line
Threads through the spirit's innermost recess ;
Thou weavest the blank air, that round us lies,
To a rare tissue of fine mysteries,
Thou canst lift up the soul, and canst depress,
And upon music's balanced wings can fly
Straight through the gates of Hope and Memory.

XII.

Nor that thou art an angel love I thee,
But that thou art a woman, pure, refined,
Graceful and bounteous, whose unstinting mind
O'erfloweth all with gentle charity —
Yet many a fault, these eyes can never see,
Within thy virtues may be closely twined,
The feelings of the heart the vision blind,
And love hath strange and subtle alchemy.
I would not name thee in ambitious phrase,
So truer, simpler, seems the actual fact,
Not as an angel dost thou tread earth's ways,
But womanlike, in every thought and act ;
Nor to my heart is aught more true and good
Than the calm peace of perfect womanhood.

August 4, 1842.

XIII.

How in my skilless verse shall I infuse
The charmèd life which in my bosom lies —
These blissful hopes, these tender memories, —
And paint in words their evanescent hues ;
E'en as I write, the inward dream I lose, —
Love with its airy pageant from me flies,
The rainbow's glory, dropping from the skies,
I cannot build again from fallen dews ;
Yet thou again shalt find that secret charm,
Which will renew within my humble verse
The happy dream, that lay so deep and warm
Within the heart, which would its love rehearse ;
And through these gratings thy dear eyes shall see
The morning of Love's sweet infinity.

Aug 8, 1842.

XIV.

THE READER.

I HEAR thy voice go murmuring dimly on
In the next chamber, like a talking brook,
That purls unseen through some sequestered nook,
And by the low, scarce varying monotone,
Rising, and falling, and then wholly gone,
I know that thou art reading from a book —
Perchance some verses, where the poet shook
The tenderest blossoms of his fancy down.
He, sitting in his chamber far remote,
Knew not the current of their destiny,
Nor who should read, nor what strange eyes should see,
In after times, the pages that he wrote —
And all unconscious, dreams not that the thought
Of his lone hours is now a joy to thee.

Oct. 30, 1840.

XV.

LEYDEN GLEN.

HERE will I sit upon this moss and write !
Such thought was mine, as on a moss-grown seat,
Beside a torrent, in a cool retreat,
I threw myself — but such a calm delight
Breathed through my heart — while flashing in the light,
The stream went babbling musically sweet,
And the light breezes whispering did greet
The dark-haired pines — that all my words took flight ;
Around me was a strange and magic spell, —
No more spectator, like the trees I stood
Absorbed in nature, while the falling flood
That hummed along, was scarcely audible ;
But swarms of gentle feelings round me fell,
Sent by the silent soul of solitude.

Oct. 7, 1840.

XVI.

EVENING.

LEANING my head upon this window-sill,
Have I been gazing at the twilight scene,
Where through its glow the first faint star is seen,
Idly led on from thought to thought, until
The waning moon above the eastern hill
Shows its large orange disk, and gleams between
The tremulous leaves which glitter in its sheen,
Like to a distant fire, and 'gins to fill
The dusk skies with a pale and silvery light ;
Quick-moving lamps gleam through the uncurtained
pane,
Of many a busy home, while still and bright,
Upon the tall church-spire the golden vane
Swims in the moonlight — and the gentle night
Spreads its broad wings of shadow o'er the plain.

XVII.

THE IDEAL.

THE true ideal is not far away,
Lives not in vague abstractions far from sight,
Taking forever from the fact its flight,
Seeking to airy dreams its court to pay ; —
O no ! it is familiar as the day,
It liveth with us like the common light,
Smiles upon huts, and maketh fair and bright
The humblest task we on our hearts can lay.
The earnest eye, in life's most simple scene,
Its birth and death — its sorrow and its love,
Beholds a presence bounteous and serene,
A simple household spirit there to move —
No dazzling dream, that scorns to wed the Real,
In nature's arms enfolded sleeps the Ideal.

XVIII.

TO L. A.

LONG years had passed since I had thought of thee !
Long years, with varying tints of light and shade,
And I from childhood far away had strayed —
When suddenly thy form I seemed to see,
From some strange blank emerge in memory,
When but thy name chance-spoken reached my ear —
Down went the care-built walls of many a year,
And left those childish things that used to be ;
Again I saw thy wan and pallid form,
And in my hair I felt thy fingers stray,
While I stood spell-bound by the simple charm
Of a sweet voice — and felt those eyes divine
Gaze on me — as a child forgets his play,
Listening to music, in the pale moonshine.

XIX.

ONWARD !

COUNT not the good deeds, friend, that thou hast done,
But urge thee on in virtue's arduous way,
And the great voices in thy heart obey !
Heed not thy backward track, but journey on
Unboastful, unlamenting, or unwon
Shall be the goal to which thy wishes stray ;
The soundest fruit of virtue will decay,
If too much handled, too much thought upon —
Truth is not born of any sect or school,
But from the inmost consciousness it flows,
It asketh not experience for a rule,
But from heroic hopes spontaneous grows ;
Experience is the path unto the blind,
But noble souls a better way can find.

XX.

MEMORY.

THE children of the spirit cannot die !
The sweet affections, trusting childhood knew —
Lives rosy dawn, that filled with sunny dew
The cup of passion, when the heavens were nigh —
The sting of death, which makes our life a sigh —
These live forever, and their secret hue
Pervades the air of thought, even as the blue
Fills the deep chamber of the vaulted sky.
Yes, memory forges out its subtle chain
From every passing act, and thought, and thing,
From the dim past, the echo sounds again,
If but a careless hand shall touch the string —
As though my spirit thrilled thy casual phrase,
And sound the memories of departed days.

October 27, 1846.

XXI.

TWILIGHT.

THE yellow moon is gleaming through the tree,
And shines upon me where I sit alone,
My spirit is subdued unto the tone
Of Nature's sweet and wild monotony,
Till it is ample happiness to be ;
No sullen longing in my heart makes moan,
But o'er my life a summer breeze hath blown,
And filled my being with humanity. —
The pearly clouds, that on the golden breast
Of the clear twilight sleep, nor seem to move,
Are not more tender than the thoughts of love,
That gently brooding o'er my spirit rest, —
And there thy gentle memory shineth fair
As yon lone star in twilight's upper air.

June 17, 1848.

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XXII.

I READ the page whereon thy eyes did rest,
And felt a charm o'ercloud the passing thought,
That every pencilled line to thee had brought
A sense of pleasure — feelings long repress,
Stirred in my heart, and in my listening breast
Bells from the dreamy past began to chime,
While thought flowed onward, like a stream of rhyme,
Through a secluded path by memories blest ; —
The plans of youth, its fancies and its dreams,
Like dead leaves lying in the bed of streams,
Colored its current as it flowed to thee,
And I beheld, like some wrecked mariner,
Hope's spars in fragments floating here and there,
Where Love had foundered in a worldly sea.

XXIII.

GOOD-BYE.

'T is strange ! a few short months ago, and we,
With hearts all undisturbed, had said Good-bye !
No want had dogged thee, when I was not nigh,
No longing borne my every thought to thee ;
Now it is changed, and wheresoe'er we be,
Nature hath bound us in her closest tie,
Love to our hearts our focus doth supply,
As the two separate eyes one figure see.
Good-bye ! God bless thee ! 't is a simple phrase,
And yet makes mournful music to my ear.
No ! rather 't would be sad, if miles and days
Could keep our souls from being ever near ;
Then since our Love can time and space defy,
Come ! let us say with happy hearts, Good-bye !

Nov. 2, 1842.

XXIV.

TRUTH AND OPINION.

TRUTH stands forever, but Opinions play
Round its full globe, and change with every light,
And they whose thought, unloyal to the Right,
Wore the new colors of the hour and day,
And changed chameleon-like with Fashion's ray,
No after age shall know — but time shall blight
Their names and deeds, as idle words we write
On frosted panes, the sunbeams melt away. —
Not so with those, who walk in steady awe
Of the great voices that they hear within,
Whom praise, nor blame, nor policy can win,
Who reverence Truth as Nature's perfect law.
Life unto Poetry their souls transmute,
As air is changed to music in the lute.

XXVI.

RESPECTABILITY.

TILL Goodness is delight, the open day
Of Virtue hath not shone upon our way,
For they who do their duty are not best,
But they who love it most are truly blest ;
If not for love and pity to the poor,
But out of pride, thou givest of thy store ;
If thou art honest, only that it saves
Thy limbs from prison, and command respect ;
Thou wouldst serve Sin, the meanest of her slaves,
If she in worldly honors should be decked ;
Thou art a coward, far more foul within
Than he who bravely wears the chains of sin ;
Thou art a hypocrite, that lives a lie,
And knows no higher God than Policy.

XXVII.

THE MOON.

THOU peaceful moon, that with a mournful grace,
Glidest in silence through the cloudless sky,
The widow's sorrowful and tear-filled eye
Is gazing upward at thy wan, pale face,
As she recalls his first and fond embrace,
When not a shadow or a care was nigh —
Ere Death had let his silent arrow fly
And wounded Life in its most tender place.
Nor she alone beholds thy disk above,
Upon the pathway of her child it gleams,
Whose heart is throbbing with the thrill of Love,
Whose life is overflowed with happy dreams —
Each in thy face the look of friendship sees,
The lover findeth love — the mourner peace.

XXVIII.

TO —.

O BLESSED spirit ! whither dost thou stray ?
Where hast thou fled, I once could call my own ?
Hath earthly love from thy purged memory flown,
And like a meteor slipped in light away ?
Doth not the spirit recollect the clay ?
Ah yes ! whatever here thy soul hath known
Will still pursue it, though from zone to zone,
Beyond the reach of human thought it stray ;
In the clear air I hear the song of birds,
And yet their happiness to me is pain,
While here within the shadow I have lain,
Remembering vanished days and loving words—
Even as a lute that hangeth in the breeze,
Hath dreams of its departed melodies.

Oct. 21, 1840.

XXIX.

THE EVENING-STAR.

THE keen north wind hath blown the clouds away,
And left the autumn sky all cold and bare ;
A palish orange rims the horizon, where
The lingering gleams of sunset faintly play ;
Above, with keen sharp light and pointed ray,
Steadfast and beautiful, the evening star
Shines solitary in the skies afar,
Shedding its light upon the mountains gray ;
Lost in the inward peace of reverie,
I gaze upon the slowly fading skies,
And on their soft reflected light, that lies
In the smooth river, while I dream of thee —
Knowing that thy blue eyes behold, with mine,
Yon nun-like star in pallid twilight shine.

XXX.

TO S. E. H.

No happier wish, dear friend, can mortal ask,
Than that thy future be as sunny bright,
As is thy past, wherein Life's every task
Has been ennobled by an inward light ;
For time has been but as a gentle breeze,
Which, with its quiet stress, thy spirit bore
Gently away from childhood's flower-strewn shore,
And floated into deeper, steadier seas.
Blessed are they, who having gained, like thee,
The benign height of womanhood, can gaze
Over a sunny track of happy days,
From envy, selfishness, and sorrow, free ;
Upon whose future path Hope sheds its rays,
Whose past is one long happy memory.

XXX.

LOVE.

As one, who sits beside a torrent's flow,
And sees its ceaseless waters onward wend,
Is haunted by the feeling that their end
Must soon appear — yet onward still they go,
And, waiting, he beholds it ever so ;
So did I deem these blissful thoughts, that tend
With tireless current unto thee, would spend
Their force at last — yet evermore they grow !
True Love by time is deepened — still the more
It gives away, so much the more remains ;
It groweth rich by spending of its store,
It cannot give, but it, by giving, gains ;
And though a feeble stream, at first, it be,
It swells in flowing towards the infinite sea.

XXXI.

TO J. F. H.

WHY may I not o'erfly this weary space,
And take my well-loved brother by the hand,
Within the aura of his presence stand,
And clasp him to me with the heart's embrace ?
Why is it, that this mortal time and space
Shut each from each, and will not be o'erspanned ?
My spirit flies to thee, and thine hath fanned
My being with its breath of airy grace.
My memory fills the silent air with thee,
And thou art not forever lost and gone ;
Yet would I clasp thy actual hand, and see
Thy gentle eyes, and hear thy living tone ;
And though thy memory be sweet and clear,
My heart keeps longing, " Would that he were here ! "

XXXIII.

CLYTIE.

SWEET Clytie ! maiden most serene and fair !
Thy marble life of silent loveliness,
Time from its cold and withering touch shall spare,
And ageless youth, eternal beauty bless.
Thy lowly drooping head, that seems to wear
The melancholy grace of pensiveness,
Thy mournful eyes, thy trembling lips confess
The soul which Love and grief together share.
O'er the full ripeness of maturity,
The past and future, pausing, seem to brood, —
Autumn and noon, in their high jubilee,
To serious stillness ever are subdued ;
And so a pensive shadow rests on thee,
Fair, sweet, consummate flower of maidenhood !

Oct. 1846.

XXXIV.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

FIXED, as if Failure never could o'erthrow
Its perfect Faith, and solid Fortitude —
A rock, that fronts unmoved, a wearing flood —
Is the brave head of Michael Angelo ;
No smile, no fear, its rugged features show,
But lofty purpose o'er it seems to brood,
That speaks a soul which never tamely sued,
Nor bent to any office mean and low.
Heroic will, that dares the shaft of Fate,
Fastens the mouth — the dim abstracted eye,
Beyond these earthly shadows, lowering nigh,
Beholds great angels in the distance wait ;
And o'er those features seamed with many a line
Love seems, like sunlight, on rude cliffs to shine.

XXXV.

RAFFAELLE

ABSTRACTED are those dark and dreamy eyes,
As if they saw some picture in the air ;
And on thy brow serene, and face so fair,
That pensive shade of melancholy lies,
Which comes of thoughtful dreams and not of sighs,
Which has the grace of grief, without its care —
As some sweet cloud that veils the summer skies,
And tempers with its shade the noonday glare.
Of graceful strength, of large and noble heart,
The Beauty and the Grace, that in thee lay,
Thou didst behold in nature's every-day,
And Life was but another name for Art ;
And that same apostolic light is thine,
That made thy Christ and Mother so divine !

XXXVI.

HOPE'S PROPHECY.

OUR wildest hopes are but the prophecies
Of that perfection, which shall one day be,
And those sweet visions, born of Poesy,
That in the aspiring spirit ever rise,
Are but the forecast of our destinies —
The looming of some fair reality,
That now is sunk beneath the Future's sea,
Whose certainty shall yet delight these eyes —
Nor are such visions vain — beyond the gloom
That shrouds the present, they enlarge the view,
Nor can a life be wholly brave and true,
Which hath not in it the ideal bloom;
The blossom seemed to die, but at the core
Of the sound apple, it is found once more.

TRANSLATIONS.

T

THE FIR-TREE AND THE PALM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

A LONELY fir-tree standeth

On a height, where north winds blow ;
It sleepeth — its whitened garment
Enshrouded by ice and snow.

It dreameth of a palm-tree,

That far in the eastern land,
Lonely and silent, mourneth
On its burning shelf of sand.

ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY CLERGY-
MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.



If in departed souls the power remain
These earthly scenes to visit once again,
Not in the night thy visit wilt thou make,
When only sorrowing and sadness wake ;
No ! in some summer morning's light serene,
When not a cloud upon the sky is seen,
When high the golden harvest rears its head,
All interspersed with flowers of blue and red,
Thou, as of yore, around the fields wilt walk,
Greeting the reapers with mild, friendly talk.

THE STREAM OF THE ROCK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. L. STOLBERG.



UNPERISHING youth !
Thou leapest from forth
The cleft of the rock !
No mortal eye saw
The mighty one's cradle ;
No ear ever heard
The lofty one's lisp in the murmuring spring.

How beautiful art thou,
In silvery locks !
How terrible art thou,
When the cliffs are resounding in thunder around !

Thou fearest the fir-tree :
Thou crushest the fir-tree
From its root to its crown,
The cliffs flee before thee :
The cliffs thou engraspest,
And hurlest them, scornful, like pebbles adown.

The sun weaves around thee
The beams of its splendor ;
It painteth with hues of the heavenly iris
The uprolling clouds of the silvery spray.

Why speedest thou downward
Toward the green sea ?
Is it not well by the nearer heaven ?
Not well by the sounding cliff ?
Not well by the o'erhanging forest of oaks ?
O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea !
Youth ! O, now thou art strong, like a god !
Free, like a god !

Beneath thee is smiling the peacefullest stillness,
The tremulous swell of the slumberous sea,
Now silvered o'er by the swimming moonshine,
Now golden and red in the light of the west !

Youth ! O what is this silken quiet,
What is the smile of the friendly moonlight,
The purple and gold of the evening sun,
To him whom the feeling of bondage oppresses ?
Now streamest thou wild,
As thy heart may prompt ;
But below oft ruleth the fickle tempest,
Oft the stillness of death in the subject sea.

O hasten not so
Toward the green sea !
Youth ! O, now thou art strong, like a god !
Free, like a god !

NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖETHE.



I THINK of thee, when o'er the east is streaming

The sun's first rays !

I think of thee, when in the fountain gleaming

The mild moon plays !

I see thee, when along the distant ridge,

The dust clouds rise !

In deepest night, when o'er the narrow bridge,

The wanderer hies !

I hear thee, when with low and murmuring tone

The torrent flows !

In the still forest, listening alone,

While all repose !

I am with thee, and though away so far,

Thou still art near !

The bright sun sinks, and softly gleams each star,

O, wert thou here !

DAS STÄNDCHEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.



WHAT wakes me from my slumber now
With sound so sweet and clear ?
O mother see, who can it be,
At this late hour is here ?

I hear it not ! I see it not !
Sleep on, in slumber mild !
They bring no serenade to thee,
Thou poor, sick child !

No earthly music can it be,
That makes my heart so light !
The angels call with songs for me,
O mother dear, good night !

THE ORGANIST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODORE HELL.*

THE organ in the lofty dome
Was honest Hesper's charge to play —
And though it oft was wearisome,
At early morn, at close of day,
Pealed through the church the swelling note —
And he was happy and devout.

Unto the magic power of sound
Is all his life and being given,
His knowledge here alone is found —
In it he tastes the bliss of Heaven ;
While all in God's creation fair
Becomes for him melodious air.

* The pseudonyme of K. G. T. Winkler.

As with wild spirit-breathing power,
The tones a thrill of rapture bring,
At rise of sun, at twilight's hour,
Sweet heavenly harps around him ring ;
Naught in his peaceful heart is found
But fear of God and love of sound.

Close to the high and lofty dome
His narrow humble dwelling lies,
Thence mingling with his dreams there come
Clear streams of heavenly melodies,
Yet as he strives to seize the strain,
He wakes, and all is still again.

Musing and sad he sits and mourns —
Like one who after something dear,
Dear above all, yet painful, yearns,
His vision dimmed by many a tear,
Until the organ tones, clear-given,
Bear back again his soul to Heaven.

Then calmer in his soul he grows,
By holy concord soothed to rest,
His heart in deep devotion glows,
And fain would burst his swelling breast,
Musing and earnest doth he sit,
Yet can he never fashion it.

The schools of Art can teach to him
But human action — human thought —
This which he hears within his dream,
Which lives, and in his heart is wrought,
Within the inmost spirit — this
Is godlike — it is heavenly bliss.

The festival of Christ returned,
When our salvation he procured,
When toward Golgotha he turned
And death upon the cross endured —
From far and near, crowds came abroad
To worship at the house of God.

Hesper, with fiery organ-tones,
Sent pain to the believer's heart,
And through the grace which yet atones
Did blissful hope again impart,
While from the church there went not one
Unthrilled by the deep organ-tone.

He, too, who the emotion stirred,
Felt his own heart with longing swell,
As from the stream of tones he heard
The breathing of a sad farewell ;
And upon Easter eve, oppressed
With weariness, repaired to rest.

The blissful dream returned again —
Resounding from the lofty dome,
In fervent glow, the heavenly strain
Of purest beauty seemed to come ;
Longing he wakes—chimes low and clear,
Through the deep night, steal on his ear.

In beauty dawns the day above,
On Resurrection-Easter-morn —
Drawn to the choir does Hesper move,
The holy call he cannot spurn ;
The tones, like magnets, draw him nigh,
With mildness and with majesty.

He steps within the choir with joy,
He glances round with sweet delight,
And at the organ sees a boy
Enhaloed by a silver light ;
He plays — and wakes a stream of sound,
Whose waves along the dome resound.

He looked as gentle and as mild,
As he were wholly rapt in bliss,
And Hesper sees the angel-child,
And hears, in sweetest ecstasies ;
No more of earthly sense he sees,
His soul swims in pure harmonies.

And while his soul is filled with bliss
The angel vanishes from sight,
The bells proclaim that Christ doth rise,
Spurning the grave and death's dark night,
And Christians come from near and far,
To meet within the house of prayer.

But he, unconscious and apart,
Before the organ takes his place,
And plays from out his heaven-swelled heart
The hymn of power, the hymn of grace —
That which he sought so long in vain,
The high, melodious, angel strain.

Wonder upon the assemblage came —
As swelled the heavenly harmonies,
Telling what mortals cannot name,
The worshippers fell on their knees,
And every spirit fervently
Soared up in prayer to God on high.

The tones have ceased, yet are not o'er —

Orphaned the organ now remains ;

The earnest master is no more,

His spirit fled 'mid heavenly strains ;

To him the Highest was revealed —

Called by the last clear tone that pealed.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

FROM 'GOETHE'S FAUST.'



RAPHAEL.

STILL, as of old, the sun doth sound,
 'Mid brother-spheres, with rival song,
And over his predestined round
 He rolls in thunder-speed along.
His glance gives angels consolation,
 Though none the hidden cause can say ;
The God-like works of the creation
 Are fair, as at the earliest day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, its circle keeping,
 The adorned earth spins round in light —
 Now in Elysian splendor sweeping,
 Now lost in deep and dreadful night ;
 O'er rugged cliffs the ocean curling,
 Foams in broad billows round their base,
 And rocks and seas are onward whirling,
 In the swift spheres' eternal chase.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention storming,
 From sea to land, from land to sea,
 A chain of power are ever forming,
 That circles all inflexibly ;
 The desolating lightning there,
 Flames on before the thunder's way —
 Yet servants, Lord, to thee, reverse
 The mild on-going of thy day.

VINETA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. MÜLLER.



PEALING from the ocean's deep foundations,
Faint and hollow sound the evening bells,
And its strange and wondrous revelations
Of the fair old wonder-city tells.

Deep beneath the gleaming surface sunken,
Ruins of that city still remain,
On its turrets sparks of golden splendor
From the mirror glimmer back again.

And the mariner, to whom appeareth
In the evening light its magic glow,
To the self-same spot forever steereth,
Though the rocks lie threatening below.

From the heart's deep, deep foundations swelling,
Bells are sounding mournfully and low,
Ah ! I hear them, wondrous tales revealing,
Of the love, it knew so long ago.

Sunken there a world of beauty lieth ;
Far below, its ruins still remain,
Golden gleams from heaven are thence reflected
In the mirror of my dreams again.

Then, into the fair reflection falling,
Would I sink within those silent deeps,
And I seem to hear an angel calling
Down to where that wonder-city sleeps.

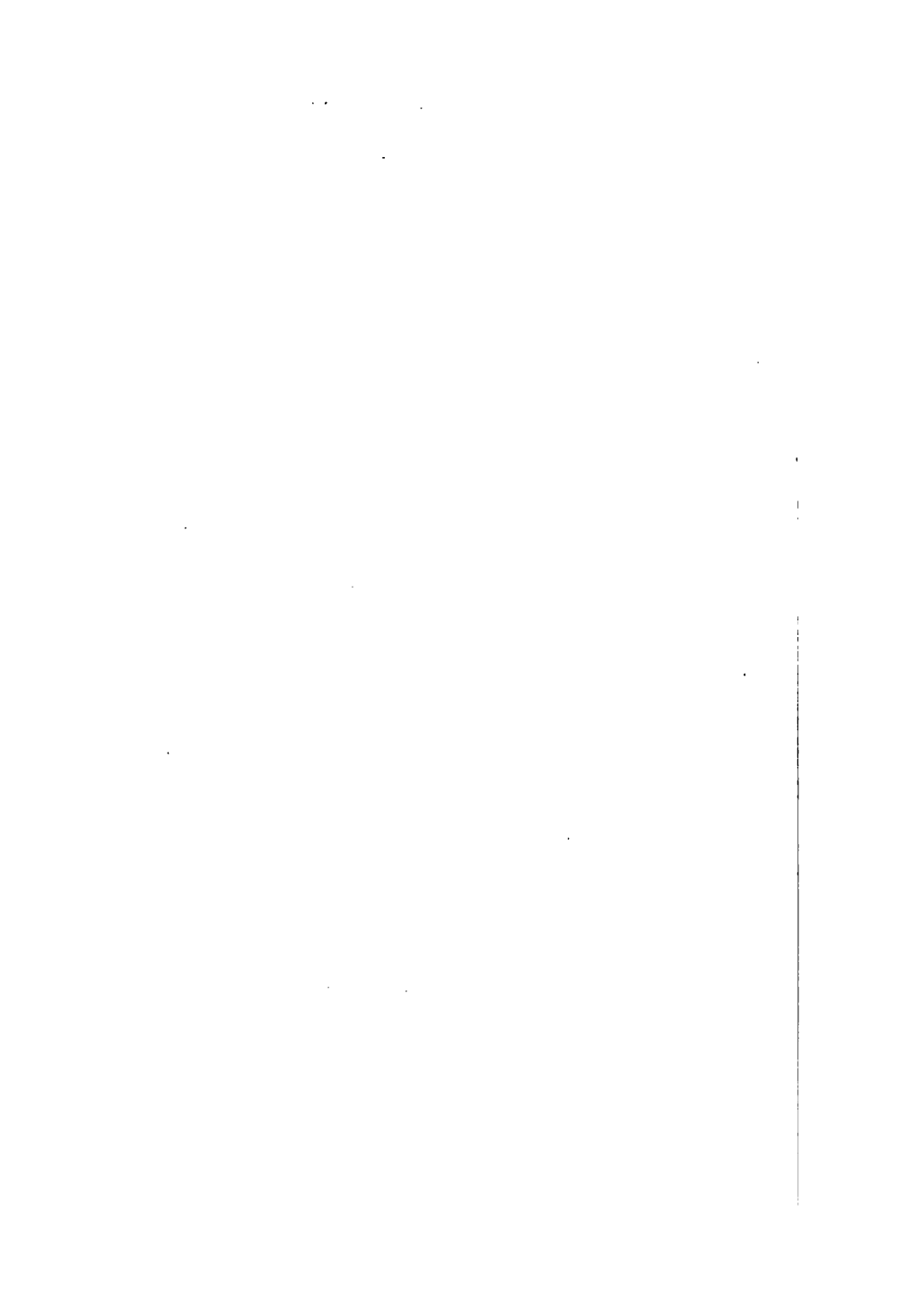
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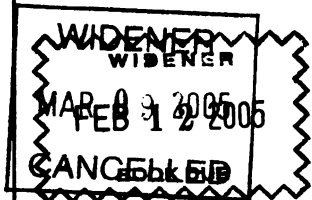
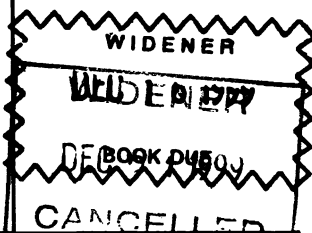


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